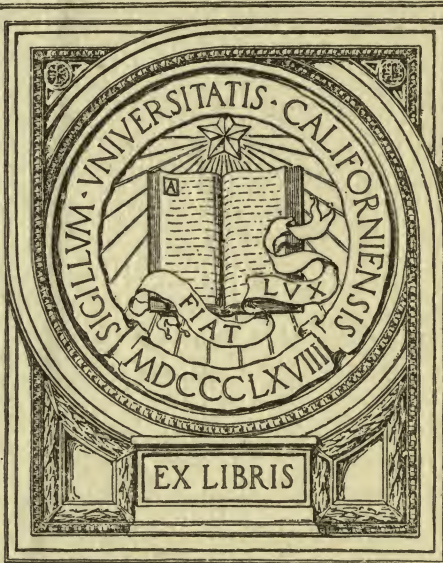


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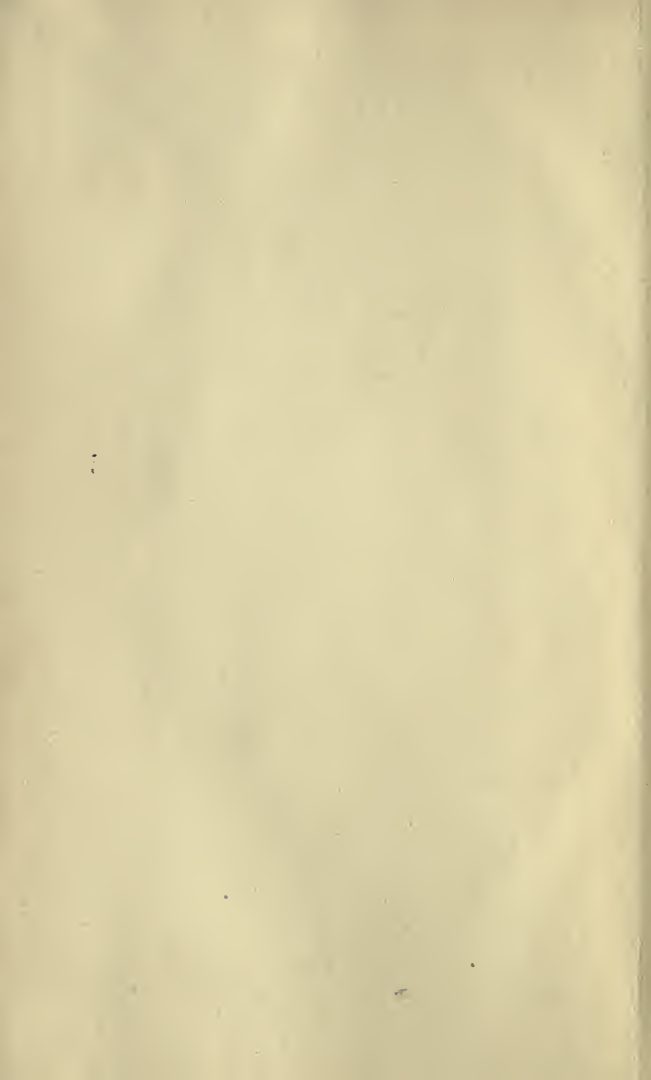
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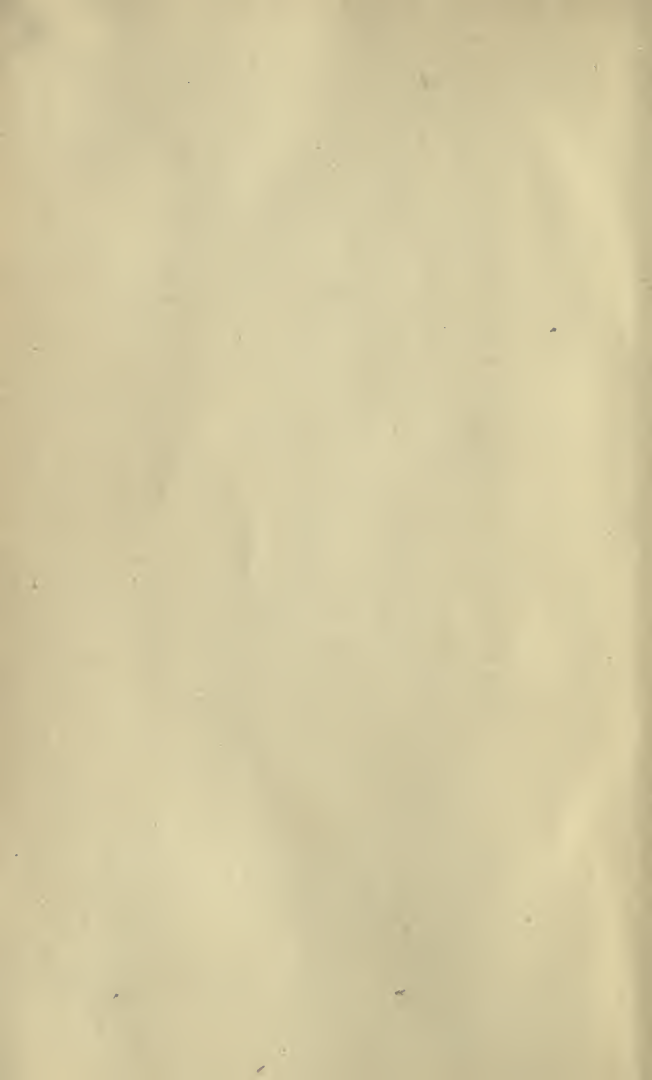
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SONGS

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FOR

LITTLE ONES AT HOME

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.

Bacon

Regard for the interests of little readers throughout the country, has induced the owners of copy-rights to allow the insertion of several favorite songs in this collection. Those from "Hastings' Nursery Songs," published by M. W. Dodd, New York, are in that work set to music for the young.

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SONGS

FOR

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

WELCOME.

WELCOME, welcome to the stranger,
To this busy world;
Nothing can thy presence alter,
Nothing now thy coming e.

Mother's heart is thy pleasure,
All her feelings awake;
Gladly would she, little treasure,
All thy pains and sufferings take.

Mayest thou, if designed by heaven
 Future days and years to see,
 Soothe her, make her passage even ;
 Let her heart rejoice in thee.

May her anxious cares and labors
 Be repaid by filial love ;
 And thy soul be crowned with favors
 From the boundless source above.

Taylor

BABY, SLEEP.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
 No longer weep ;
 Near thee sits thy little brother,
 Close beside thee is thy mother :
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
 No longer weep ;
 Israel's Shepherd watches o'er thee,
 No rude danger lies before thee :
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
 No longer weep ;
 Germ of beauty, bud and blossom,
 Rest upon thy Saviour's bosom :
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
No longer weep ;
Life has many a raging billow—
Rest upon thy downy pillow :
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs."

HUSHABY.

Hushaby, hushaby,
Baby, do not weep ;
On thy downy pillow lie,
Softly, softly sleep.

Hushaby, hushaby,
Now thine eyelids close ;
While thy mother sitting by,
Watches thy repose.

Hushaby, hushaby,
Think of no alarm ;
Angel spirits round thee fly,
Guarding thee from harm.

Hushaby, hushaby,
Slumber sweet be given ;
On thy downy pillow lie,
Precious gift from heaven.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs "



BABY.

“What is this pretty little thing,
That nurse so carefully doth bring,
And round its head a blanket fling?

A baby!

“Oh dear, how very soft its cheek;
Why, nurse, I cannot make it speak,
And it can't walk, it is so weak.

Poor baby!

“Oh, I'm afraid that it will die;
Why can't it eat as well as I,
And jump, and talk? Do let it try.

Poor baby!”



TRUSTY LEARNING TO READ.

Come hither, good Trusty ;
 See how still you can be,
 For I've come to teach you
 Your A, B, C.

Brother says you can't learn,
 And father says, may be,
 Though you never will read,
 You may bark A, B, C.

Now, good Trusty, attend ;
 Let us show them that we
Can learn, if we please,
 Our A, B, C.

To what little Kate said,
 Trusty seemed to agree :
 Do you think he learned much
 Of his A, B, C ?

AFFECTION.

Does your head ache, little brother ?
 Are you sick, and are you weak ?
 Are you sad, and tired of playing ?
 Does it hurt you when you speak ?

I can't cure you, darling brother,
 Cannot ease a single pain :
 I'll go ask our heavenly Father,
 He can make you well again.

ALPHABET.

Come, come, my darling, I must see,
 How you can say your A, B, C ;
 Go get your book, and come to me,
 And I will hear your E, F, G,
 When you have said your A, B, C.

“ A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
 H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,
 Q, R, S, T, U, W, V,
 X, Y, Z, &—Oh dear me,
 I'll try to say my A, B, C.”

MY LITTLE SISTER.

I have a little sister,
 She's only two years old ;
But she's a little darling,
 And worth her weight in gold.

She often runs to kiss me,
 When I'm at work or play,
Twining her arms about me
 In such a pretty way ;
And then she'll say so sweetly,
 In innocence and joy,
"Tell me story, sister dear,
 About the little boy."

Sometimes, when I am knitting,
 She'll pull my needles out ;
And then she'll skip, and dance around
 With such a merry shout.

It makes me laugh to see her,
 Though I'm not very glad,
To have her take my needles out,
 And make my work so bad ;
But then if I would have her
 To see what she has done,
I must be very gentle,
 While telling her the wrong.

MORNING HYMN.

The morning bright
With rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

O make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like thee,
Then I shall be
Prepared to see thy face.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

Whether I am at home, or school,
Or walking out abroad,
I never should forget this rule
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

THE SILLY FLY.

O you little silly fly,
There's a spider watching nigh;
You will soon be in his snare,
Buzzing without heed or care.
There, the little fly is caught
By the spider, quick as thought;
Lo, he binds and bites the fly:
Silly creature, you must die.
Careless children, like the fly,
Do not think when danger's nigh:
Mind not what they do or say,
Thus becoming Satan's prey.
Children thus who learn to sin,
Carelessly at first begin;
By the sin they soon are bound,
Satan's prey they thus are found.
Let us always watchful be,
Pray from sin to be set free;
Then, though Satan's snares are near,
God will keep us in his fear.



MY KITE.

O look at my kite,
 Almost out of sight ;
 How pretty it flies,
 Right up to the skies.
 Pretty kite, pretty kite,
 Almost out of sight,
 Pray, what do you spy
 In the bright blue sky ?

John White flew his kite one very windy day,
 When a gale broke the tail, and it soon flew away.
 And while he sat crying and sighing and sad,
 Charley Gray came that way, a good-natured
 lad.

“Don’t cry, wipe your eye,” said he, “little Jack ;
 Stay here, never fear, and I’ll soon bring it back.”

Up the tree climbed he, and brought the kite
 down ;

“Many thanks, many thanks,” said dear little
 John.

THE SNOW.

The clouds look sad,
And mother is glad,
For it is going to snow;
And her dear boy
Will dance with joy,
When he on his sled can go.

“O mother, say,
Will it snow to-day?”
Has frequently been his cry;
“I cannot tell,
But I think it will,”
Has been the quick reply.

But look, now look,
O quick, drop your book!
The snow has now come at last;
So soft and white,
So pretty and light,
It is falling thick and fast.

Now Bennie boy
Is filled with joy,
He runs for his boots and sled;
Now get his coat
And tie up his throat,
And put a cap on his head.

Then o'er the snow
How fast he'll go,
Giving his sisters a ride;
They'll run about,
And caper and shout,
And down the hill they will slide.

THE MEDDLESOME CHILD.

Matilda was a pleasant child,
But one bad trick she had,
That e'en when all around her smiled,
Oft made her friends feel sad.

Sometimes she'd lift the teapot-lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your head a minute.

As grandmamma went out one day,
Her snuff-box and her specs
She down upon the table lay,
Forgetting Tilly's tricks.

Immediately upon her nose
She placed the glasses wide,
Then looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too she spied.

So thumb and finger went to work,
To move the stubborn lid;
And as she gave it quite a jerk,
Much mischief then she did.

The snuff came puffing in her face
And eyes and nose and chin,
And as she ran about for ease,
The snuff got further in.

She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes;
And there in twenty bits they lay,
As grandmamma she spies.

She then, while smarting with the pain,
Sneezing, and sick and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling any more.

Now, before I run to play,
I must not forget to pray
To Him who kept me through the night,
And woke me with the morning light.

Help me, Lord, to love thee more
Than I ever loved before;
In my work and in my play,
Be thou with me through the day.

THE ROBINS.

Good-morning, bonnie Annie,
I'm very glad you've come,
Bringing smiles and kisses
From your pleasant home.

Come and sit beside me
In this little chair;
I'll tell you pretty stories,
My cousin, blithe and fair.

A very pretty sight
This morning I did see—
Four little robins
Sitting on a tree.

A bright red cherry
One of them did pull;
It was large and ripe,
And very beautiful.

So he gave it to his mate,
As if wishing her to see;
And then all along,
To each of the three.

And then they all began
To peck a little piece;
Stopping to whistle,
O, how very nice.



And when they had eaten it,
All so lovingly,
They flew away again,
Singing right merrily.
These little robins,
That live so happily,
Teach many lessons
Sweet and dear to me.
How boys can harm them
I do not know,
And be so cruel to them,
And make them fear us so.

I knew a robin once
Who was so very tame,
That in at the window
Every day he came.

From out of our hands
His crumbs he would eat,
And sing us a song
On the window-seat.

When spring came again,
He flew to the tree,
And all the long summer
With the rest was free.

But he never forgot
His snug winter nest,
Nor to whistle a song
For those he loved best.

I will not fear,
For God is near,
Through the dark night,
As in the light;
And while I sleep,
Safe watch will keep.
Why should I fear,
When God is near?



MY LITTLE PONY.

Hop, hop, hop, nimble as a top,
 Over hill and valley bounding,
 With your clinking hoofs resounding :
 Hop, hop, hop, nimble as a top.

Whoa! whoa! whoa! how like fun you go :
 Stop, you nag, I tell you, tell you ;
 If you don't, I'll surely sell you.

Whoa! whoa! whoa! how like fun you go.
 Spare, spare, spare ; sure enough, we're there ;
 Very well, my little pony ;
 Safe's our jaunt, though rough and stony :

Spare, spare, spare ; sure enough, we're there.

Here, here, here; yes, my pony dear:
Now with hay and oats I'll treat you,
And with smiles will ever greet you,
Pony dear, yes, my pony dear.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I'm not made for idle play,
Like the butterfly, all day;
Shameful would it be to grow
Like a dunce, and nothing know:
I must learn to read, and look
Often in God's holy book.

Busy I must be, and do
What is right and useful too;
What my parents, fond and kind,
Bid me, I will gladly mind;
Never cause them grief and pain,
Nor will disobey again.

But to God I still will pray,
"Take my wicked heart away:"
He from sin can make me free,
For the Saviour died for me.
O how happy, life to spend
With the Saviour for my friend.



THE COW.

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm and fresh, and sweet and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank ;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine.
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

GOOD MOOLLY COW.

Come, supper is ready,
Come, boys and girls, now;
For here is fresh milk

From the good moolly cow.

Have done with your fife
And your row-de-dow-dow,
And take this good milk

From the good moolly cow.

Whoever is fretting
Must clear up his brow,
Or he'll have no milk

From the good moolly cow.

And here is Miss Pussy,
She means, by "mee-ow,"
Give me, too, some milk

From the good moolly cow.

When children are hungry,
O who can tell how

They love the fresh milk

From the good moolly cow.

So when you meet moolly,
Please say, with a bow,

"Thank you for your milk,

Mrs. Good Moolly Cow."

A THOUGHTLESS MAN.

There came to my window,
One morning in spring,
A sweet little robin,
She came there to sing;
And the tune that she sung
Was prettier far
Than ever I heard
On the flute or guitar.

She raised her light wings
To soar far away,
Then resting a moment,
Seemed sweetly to say,
“O happy, how happy
This world seems to be;
Awake, little girl,
And be happy with me.

But just as she finished
Her beautiful song,
A thoughtless young man
With a gun came along
He killed and he carried
My sweet bird away,
And she no more will sing
At the dawn of the day.

THE SLED-RIDE.

Down, down the hill how swift I go,
Over the ice and over the snow;
A horse or cart I do not fear,
For past them both my sled I steer.

Hurrah, my boy, I'm going down,
While you toil up; but never frown:
The far hill-top you soon will gain,
And then, with all your might and main,
You'll dash by me; while, full of glee,
I'll up again, to dash by thee:
So on we glide—O life of joy;
What pleasure has the little boy!

GOOD THOUGHTS.

I must not speak a naughty word,
I must not tell a lie;
I must not contradict, and make
My little sister cry.

And if I have a piece of cake,
When I with children play,
I must not eat it all myself,
But give a part away.

From "My Little Hymn-Book."



LITTLE BOZ.

I have a little dog,
 With long white flowing curls
And bright black sparkling eyes,
 And he loves little girls.
He has fawn-colored ears,
 And very nice clean toes ;
He's a sensible dog,
 You can tell by his nose.
He'll never snarl or bite,
 His temper is so mild,
And dearly loves to play
 With every little child.

And every morning early,
This funny little pup
Says, "Bow-wow, little Mary,
'Tis time that you were up."

THE TORN DOLL.

Caty, my dear,
Come here, come here ;
I've a short tale for you to hear.

Upon the floor,
Behind the door,
This morn I found a dolly poor.

Once she was new,
And pretty too,
With cloak and hat, and frock and shoe

But Oh, dear me,
A sight to see
Has that same dolly come to be.

Her clothes all worn,
And soiled and torn ;
Alas, alas, she looks forlorn.

I wonder who
Has made her so ;
Why, Caty dear, can it be you ?



ROBIN.

O, poor little robin, so cold and so wet,
 Say, what are you doing to-day ?
 The winter has come, and now what will you eat,
 And where are you going to stay ?
 Your nest is so open, so cold, and so poor,
 You never can live there again ;
 O come, pretty robin, come into our door,
 And hide from the snow and the rain.
 We've clean beds to sleep on, and water to drink,
 And things very nice for your food ;
 Come, come, pretty robin, O how can you think
 To fly off again in the wood ?

The bird will not listen; but children young,
That are hungry, or cold, or wet,
May share in my cottage, and join in my song,
And they shall have plenty to eat.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs."

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Off in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.



HELEN.

Little sister, come away,
And let us in the garden play,
For it is a pleasant day.

But the fruit we will not pick ;
That would be a naughty trick,
And very likely make us sick.

Nor will we pluck the pretty flowers
That grow about the beds and bowers,
Because, you know, they are not ours.

And much I hope, we always may
Our very dear mamma obey,
And mind whatever she may say.

POLLY AND RUBY.

My little Canary
I carried one day
To visit Poll Parrot,
So bright and so gay.

Poll Parrot was glad
To see my Canary,
And she said, "Now you've come,
We'll try to be merry.

"I can't strike a tune;
But if you'll begin,
I think, without doubt,
That I can join in."

So Ruby began,
And sang loud and clear;
But Polly's attempts
Did sound very queer.

Then said little Ruby,
"My dear cousin Poll,
Your efforts in singing
Are nothing at all.

"You can whistle and talk,
As you sit and swing;
But I would advise you
Never to sing."



DOLLY GOING TO SLEEP.

There, go to sleep, Dolly, in mother's own lap ;
 I've put on your nightgown and neat little cap :
 So sleep, pretty baby, and shut up your eye ;
 Bye-bye, little Dolly, lie still and bye-bye.

Now I'll lay my clean handkerchief over your
 head,
 And then make you think that my lap is your
 bed ;
 So hush, little dear, and be sure you don't cry :
 Bye-bye, little Dolly, lie still and bye-bye.

There, now it is morning, and time to get up ;
 I'll crumb you a mess in my own china cup :
 Awake, little baby, and open your eye,
 For I think it's high time to be done with bye-
 bye.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Now Dolly, my dear,
 I pray you come here ;
 The daylight has gone,
 And work is all done :
 I'll put you to bed, for to-morrow is Sunday,
 And I shall not see you again until Monday.

You don't want to go ?
 But you ought to know
 That it is but right ;
 So, Dolly, good-night :
 You must lie without noise or crying till Mon-
 day,
 For you know we ought not to play on a Sunday.

MY DOLL.

I have a little doll,
 I take care of her clothes ;
 She has soft flaxen hair,
 And her name is Rose.

She has pretty blue eyes,
And a very small nose,
And a sweet little mouth—
And her name is Rose.

I have a little bedstead,
Where dolly may repose,
Or sit up like a lady—
And her name is Rose.

COUNTRY MUSIC.

The cock is crowing,
The cows are lowing ;
The ducks are quacking,
The dogs are barking ;
The mule is braying,
The horse is neighing ;
The sheep are baa-ing,
The boys ha-ha-ing ;
The birds are singing,
The bells are ringing ;
The brook is babbling,
The geese are gabbling ;
The pigs are squeaking,
The barn-door creaking ;
Sally is churning,
The grindstone turning ;

John is sawing,
Willie hurrahing ;
The peacock screeching,
And Carrie teaching,
Amid all the noise.

GOOD CHILD.

I love to do as I am bid ;
I love to please mamma :
I love to get my lesson too,
And spell to my papa.

When children want my pretty toys,
Or little picture-book,
I dearly love to give them up,
And see how pleased they look.

I love to please the Saviour too,
And mind the rule he's given ;
For then I think that I shall go
To live with him in heaven.

“ My Little Hymn-Book.”

LITTLE MARY.

Little Mary was good,
The weather was fair,
She went with her mother
To breathe the fresh air.

The birds were all singing;
Mary chatted away,
And she felt as merry
And happy as they.

SPRING.

With March comes in the pleasant spring,
When little birds begin to sing;
To build their nests, to hatch their brood,
With tender care provide them food.

SUMMER.

And summer comes with verdant June;
The flowers then are in full bloom,
All nature smiles, the fields look gay;
The weather's fine to make the hay.

AUTUMN.

September comes: the golden corn,
By many busy hands is shorn;
Autumn's ripe fruits, an ample store,
Are gathered in for rich and poor.

WINTER.

Winter's cold frost and northern blast—
This is the season that comes last:
The snow has come, the sleigh-bells ring,
And merry boys rejoice and sing.

KITTY.

Little puss, come here to me,
Gently jump upon my knee;
Let me feel how soft your feet:
Never will I poor Kitty beat.

How very nicely you can draw
Quite out of sight each little claw;
But when a mouse you see below,
You pounce upon the poor thing so.

You loose it oft, and let it run
And then pursue it, as if it were a toy,
O how very very cruel you are
! again It's very very cruel you are

So, pussy, you must kill it quite,
And not put it in such a fright;
It is so gentle, and so weak,
It makes me sad to hear it squeak.

A VISIT TO THE LAMBS.

Mamma, let's go and see the lambs;
This warm and sunny day
I think must make them very glad,
And full of fun and play.



And she says, "The flowers are so pretty, and the
 The flowers are so pretty, and the
 All the flowers are so pretty, and the

Now, don't you run away ;
 I'm come on purpose, with mamma,
 To see you this fine day.

What pretty little heads you've got,
 And such good-natured eyes ;
 That ruff of wool all round your necks,
 How nicely curled it lies.

Come here, my little lambkin, come
 And lick my hand—now do :
 How silly to be so afraid,
 Indeed I wont hurt you.

Just put your hand upon its back,
 Mamma; how nice and warm:
 There, pretty lamb, you see I don't
 Intend to do you harm.

Child's Book of Poetry.

WHAT WOULD PUSS SAY?

“What would our pussy say,
 If she could only talk?”
 She'd say she loved to play,
 And scamper round the walk;
 And when she's tired with play,
 To lie upon the rug,
 And sleep an hour away,
 All cuddled up so snug.
 When hungry, she would come
 To ask me for her food;
 Then eat till she was done,
 And say 'twas very good.
 I'd tell her not to steal,
 If she was left alone;
 But guess that she can't feel
 Sorry for doing wrong.

SUM OF THE COMMANDMENTS.

With all thy soul love God above,
 And as thyself thy neighbor love.



RUN AND PLAY.

There, run away, you little things,
And skip, and jump, and play;
You have been quiet long enough,
So run away, I say.

John, you and Mary roll your hoops,
George on a stick can ride;
And Ann with Charlotte run a race,
Or any play beside.

The sweet, fresh air so softly blows,
So brightly shines the sun,
That active limbs and rosy cheeks
Will in the race be won.

For little boys and girls may sing,
And frisk, and jump, and play,
When work and lessons both are done;
So run away, I say.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How pleasant is Saturday night,
When I've tried all the week to be good,
Not spoken a word that was bad,
And obliged every one that I could.

To-morrow the sweet Sabbath comes,
Which our merciful Father hath given,
That we may have rest from our work,
And prepare for the Sabbath of heaven.

From "My Little Hymn-Book."

THE ORPHAN NOSEGAY-GIRL.

"A nosegay—who'll buy?" cried a sweet little
child,
An orphan left friendless and poor;
"I've roses and pinks, and sweet-briar wild,
And heaven will bless you thrice o'er.
Then pray buy my roses, indeed they're not
dear;
Each bud shall be moistened with gratitude's
tear.

“Oh pray buy my roses—for hard is my fate,
My poor little sisters want bread;
Bestow but a mite, before 't is too late;
Our parents to heaven are fled.
Then pray buy my roses, indeed they're not
dear;
Each bud shall be moistened with gratitude's
tear.”

THE LAMB'S LULLABY.

The pretty little lambs that lie
And sleep upon the grass,
Have none to sing them lullaby
But the night winds as they pass.
While I, a happy little maid,
Bid dear papa good-night;
And in my crib so warm am laid,
And tucked up snug and tight.
And then some pretty hymn Ann sings
Until to sleep I go;
But the young helpless lambs, poor things,
Have none to lull them so.
Haste, kind mamma, and call them here,
Where they 'll be warm as I;
For in the chilly fields, I fear,
Before the morn they 'll die.

MOTHER.

The lambs sleep in the fields, 'tis true,
Without a lullaby;
And yet they are as warm as you
Beneath the summer sky.
They choose some dry and grassy spot,
Beneath the shady trees;
To other songs they listen not
Than the pleasant evening breeze.
And when the night is bitter cold,
The shepherd comes with care,
And leads them to his peaceful fold;
They're safe and sheltered there.
How happy are the lambs, my love,
How safe and calm they rest;
But you a Shepherd have above,
Of all kind shepherds best.
His lambs he gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears;
How blest, how safe from all alarms,
Each child his love who shares!
Oh, if you'll be his gentle child,
And listen to his voice,
Be loving, dutiful, and mild,
How will mamma rejoice!

Mary Lundie Duncan.

THE WORK-BAG.

Come here, I've got a piece of rag,
To make you such a pretty bag;
Indeed, you will not often see
So nice a bag as this shall be.

And when it's done, I'll show you, too,
The other things I have for you:
This book's to put your needles in,
And that, you know, 's a pincushion.

And then you need not lose a minute,
But if you always keep them in it,
You never more will need to say,
"I wonder where they're hid away!

Pray, somebody, do try and look:
My thimble's lost, and needle-book;"
But *then* the pleasant sound shall be,
"They're in my work-bag—I shall see!"

Taylor

THE HONEST BOY.

Once there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye,
A boy who always told the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
The children all about would cry,
"There goes the curly-headed boy,
The boy that never tells a lie."

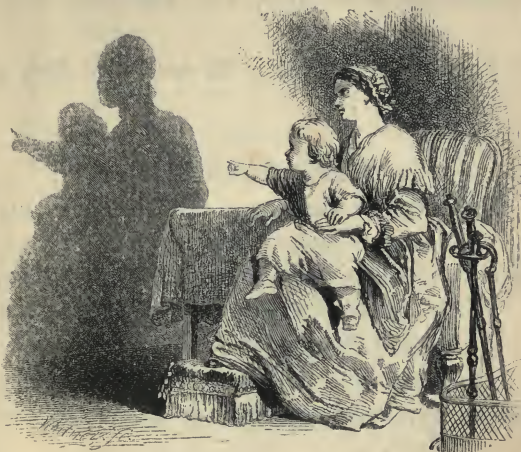
And every body loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
'T was said, "There goes the honest
youth."

And when the people that stood near,
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this,
"Because he never tells a lie."

VERY LITTLE THINGS.

Very little things are we,
Oh how mild we all should be;
Never quarrel, never fight,
That would be a shocking sight.

Just like pretty little lambs,
Softly skipping by their dams;
We'll be gentle all the day,
Love to learn as well as play.



THE SHADOWS.

The candles are lighted, the fire blazes bright,
The curtains are drawn to keep out the cold
air ;

What makes you so grave, little darling, to-
night ?

And where is your smile, little quiet one,
where ?

“Mamma, I see something so dark on the wall ;
It moves up and down, and it looks very
strange ;

Sometimes it is large, and sometimes it is
small;

Pray tell me what is it, and why does it
change?"

It's only my shadow that puzzles you so;
And there is your own close beside it, my
love:

Now run round the room, it will go where you go;
When you sit 't will be still, when you rise
it will move.

These wonderful shadows are caused by the
light,

From fire and from candles, upon us that
falls;

Were we not sitting here all that place would
be bright,

But the light can't shine through us, you
know, on the walls.

And when you are out some fine day in the sun,
I'll take you where shadows of apple-trees lie;
And houses and cottages too, every one

Casts a shade when the sun's shining bright
in the sky.

Now hold up your mouth and give me a sweet
kiss—

Our shadows kiss too! don't you see it quite
plain?

“Oh yes; and I thank you for telling me this:
I'll not be afraid of a shadow again.”

M. L. Duncan.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, our Father in heaven,
Be hallowed thy glorious name;
To thee let the kingdom be given,
Thy will we acknowledge supreme.

We would by thy bounty be fed,
By infinite mercy forgiven;
Nor into temptation be led,
Nor into sad evils be driven.

For thine is the kingdom, O Lord,
The power and the glory are thine;
Be for ever and ever adored,
On earth as in heaven divine.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs."

BE PLEASANT.

When little ones worry,
Their parents feel sorry,
And all who are near them are sad;

But when they are good,
And smile as they should,
Their friends are contented and glad.
How much better it is to be cheerful and sing,
Than to have to be called, "a cross little thing."

TIME TO ARISE.

Father and mother, 't is time to arise,
The sun has risen to brighten the skies;
Every bird is singing high—
Birds are glad, and so am I.

Merrily, merrily those in the tree,
Bluebird and Robin, are singing to me:
Round the window see them fly—
Birds are glad, and so am I.

Glad little Robin, you never can know
Who is the Maker that fashioned you so;
Yet you cannot weep or sigh—
Birds are glad, and so am I.

He who created the birds of the air,
Securely will keep me from trouble and care:
He has taught the birds to fly—
Birds are glad, and so am I.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs."



IF EVER I SEE.

If ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play,
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother I know
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away ;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They 'll warble a song to me;
And then if I'm sad,
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

My dear little child,
Be gentle and mild;
For what can you get
By passion and pet,
But sorrow and shame,
A very bad name,
The loss of your peace,
And guilt in its place?

DEAR MAMMA.

My own mamma; my dear mamma!
How happy shall I be,
To-morrow night, at candlelight,
When she comes home to me!
'T is just one week since on my cheek
She pressed the parting kiss:
It seems like two; I never knew
So long a week as this.

My tangled hair she smoothed with care,
With water bathed my brow;
And all with such a gentle touch—
I wish she 'd do it now.

But she will come; she 'll be at home
To-morrow night; and then
I hope that she will never be
So long away again.

GOING TO BED.

Down upon my pillow warm,
I now lay my little head,
And the rain, and wind, and storm,
Cannot come too nigh my bed.

Many little children poor
Have not anywhere to go;
And sad hardships they endure,
Such as I did never know.

Dear mamma, I 'll thank you oft
For this comfortable bed,
And this pretty pillow soft,
Where I rest my weary head.

And I 'll lift my heart in prayer
To the God that dwells above;
Thank him for his watch and care,
And for all his tender love.

THE CHICKENS.

See the chickens round the gate
For their morning portion wait;
Fill the basket from the store,
Let us open wide the door:
Throw out crumbs, and scatter seed,
Let the hungry chickens feed.
Call them; now how fast they run,
Gladly, quickly, every one;
Eager, busy hen and chick,
Every little morsel pick:
See the hen with callow brood,
To her young how kind and good;
With what care their steps she leads—
Them, and not herself she feeds:
Picking here and picking there,
Where the nicest morsels are.

As she calls, they flock around,
Bustling all along the ground.
When their daily labors cease,
And at night they rest in peace,
All the little tiny things
Nestle close beneath her wings;
There she keeps them safe and warm,
Free from fear, and free from harm.

Now, my little child, attend :
Your almighty Father, friend,
Though unseen by mortal eye,
Watches o'er you from on high :
As the hen her chickens leads,
Shelters, cherishes, and feeds ;
So by him your feet are led,
Over you his wings are spread.

THE BEGGAR-GIRL.

There's a poor beggar going by,
I see her looking in ;
She's just about as big as I,
Only so very thin.

She has no shoes upon her feet,
She is so very poor ;
And hardly any thing to eat :
I pity her I'm sure.

But I have got nice clothes, you know,
And meat, and bread, and fire ;
And dear mamma, that loves me so,
And all that I desire.

If I were forced to stroll so far,
Oh dear, what should I do ?
I wish she had a kind mamma,
Just such a one as you.

Here, little girl, come back again,
And hold that ragged hat,
And I will put a penny in :
There, buy some bread with that.

THE COLD WATER BOY.

Hurrah, for a splash !
Come, give me a dash,
With the water all clear and cold ;
It makes me so bright,
So active and light,
'T is better than silver and gold.

Oh, what should I do,
Dear mother, if you
Never washed me so sweet and so clean ?
Come, give me a splashing ;
It is so refreshing,
All the day I would like to stay in.

I never would cry,
Nor halloo—not I—
Unless 't were for joy and for glee ;
I love the good splashing,
And plunging and dashing :
Hurrah for cold water for me !



THE RAGMAN.

Ding a ling, ding, ding,
I hear the bells ring,
The ragman is at the door ;
He asks us for trash,
And gives us the cash,
And with that we can help the poor.
So I'll make some bags,
To save all the rags
That are scattered about on the floor ;
For mother has said,
That every thread
Will help to buy food for the poor.

They 're nothing to us,
And it saves the muss
To pick them up from the floor ;
And we must do all,
Though ever so small,
That we can, to help the poor.

THE ORPHAN'S SONG.

I saw a little lamb to-day,
It was not very old ;
Close by its mother's side it lay,
So soft within the fold :
It felt no sorrow, pain, or fear,
While such a comforter was near.
Sweet little lamb, you cannot know
What blessing I have lost :
Were you like me, what could you do,
Amid the wintry frost ?
My clothes are thin, my food is poor,
And I must beg from door to door.
I had a mother once, like you,
To keep me by her side :
She cherished me and loved me too ;
But soon, alas, she died !
Now, sorrowful and full of care,
I'm lone and weary everywhere.

'T was thus a little orphan sung,
Her lonely heart to cheer ;
Before she wandered very long,
She found a Saviour near :
He bade her seek his smiling face,
And find in heaven a dwelling-place.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs."

THE TUMBLE.

Tumble down, tumble up, never mind it, my
sweet :

No, no ; never beat the poor floor ;

'T was your fault that you could not stand
straight on your feet ;

Beat yourself, if you beat any more.

Oh, dear, what a noise : will a noise make it
well ?

Will crying wash bruises away ?

Suppose it should bleed a little and swell,

'T will all be gone down in a day.

That's right ; be a man, and dry up your tears ;

Come, smile, and I'll give you a kiss :

If you live in the world but a very few years,

You must bear greater troubles than this.

Taylor.

THE LARK.

I hear a pretty bird, but hark !
I cannot see it anywhere.
Oh, it is a little lark,
Singing in the morning air.
Little lark, do tell me why
You are singing in the sky ?
Other little birds at rest,
Have not yet begun to sing ;
Every one is in its nest,
With its head behind its wing.
Little lark, then tell me why
You 're so early in the sky ?
You look no bigger than a bee,
In the middle of the blue,
Up above the poplar-tree ;
I can hardly look at you.
Little lark, do tell me why
You are mounted up so high ?
'T is to watch the silver star,
Sinking slowly in the skies ;
And beyond the mountain far,
See the glorious sun arise :
Little lady, this is why
I am mounted up so high.

'T is to sing a merry song,
To the pleasant morning light ;
Why stay in my nest so long,
When the sun is shining bright ?
Little lady, this is why
I sing so early in the sky.
To the little birds below,
I do sing a merry tune ;
And I let the ploughman know,
He must come to labor soon.
Little lady, this is why
I am singing in the sky.

Songs for Children.

NEVER FORGET TO PRAY.

Never, my child, forget to pray,
Whate'er the business of the day :
If happy dreams have blessed thy sleep,
If startling fears have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.
Pray Him by whom the birds are fed,
To give to thee thy daily bread :
If wealth his bounty should bestow,
Praise Him from whom all blessings flow :
If He who gave should take away,
O ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

The time will come when thou wilt miss
A father's and a mother's kiss;
And then, my child, perchance you'll see,
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee:
From such examples turn away,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

Child's Book of Poetry.

THE BUD.

Pretty bud, I love to see
Much in you resembling me;
And from your instructive look,
Learn as from a little book.

I am young, and so are you,
Life with us is fresh and new;
Yet fair buds oft withered lie,
And the youngest children die.

Riper flowers may wide expand,
Win the eye and court the hand;
But, like you, O may I be
Graced with humble modesty.

When 't is evening, dark and chill,
Close you wrap yourself from ill;
So may God my heart secure,
Safe from every thing impure.

And as, when the sun is up,
You expand your little cup ;
So thy beams may I possess,
Christ the Sun of righteousness.

Child's Book of Poetry.



THE BEGGAR-BOY.

A poor boy went by with his raiment all torn ;
He looked, too, so dirty and very forlorn :
His coat was in tatters, no shoes on his feet ;
And they ached with the cold on the stones of
the street.

Poor boy ! no kind father or mother has he ;
Nor has he a nice house at home as have we :

He begs all the day for a morsel of bread,
And perhaps sleeps at night in a comfortless shed.
He has no kind friends to instruct him and
 guide,
And he hears what is sinful, and sees it beside:
Oh, how good and how thankful I then ought
 to be,
To the God who has given these good things
 to me!

Child's Book of Poetry

DAWN OF DAY.

Come, arise from thy sleep,
Through the window now peep ;
Birds sweetly are straying,
Their bright plumes displaying,
 At dawn of day.

Let us breathe the fresh air,
For the morning is fair,
And the forest is ringing
With merry birds singing,
 At dawn of day.

Come along for a talk,
Or a sweet morning walk,
While the garden discloses
Its bright blushing roses,
 At dawn of day.

But first to our King
Let us joyfully sing,
And praises be paying ;
'T is good to be praying,
At dawn of day.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs."

A, B, C.

The A, B, C,
Is pleasant to me,
I'm learning it all the day ;
Whenever I look
In a printed book,
I see nothing but A, B, C.
Sing A, B, C,
Sing A, B, C,
I see nothing but A, B, C.

I'm glad to know
The fine little row
Of letters both great and small ;
The D, E, F, G,
The L, M, N, O, P,
And the X, Y, Z, and all.
Sing A, B, C,
Sing R, S, T,
Sing X, Y, Z, and all.

If I can fix
These marks twenty-six
In this little careless head,
I'll read every book,
As soon as I look
At the letters all over it spread.
Sing A, B, C,
Sing X, Y, Z,
And the letters all over it spread.

I now will learn
Them all in turn,
The big letters and the small ;
For how can I spell,
Or pronounce them well,
Till I shall have learned them all?
Sing A, B, C,
Sing X, Y, Z,
For I'm going to learn them all.

The bees and the flies
Have nice little eyes,
But never can read like me ;
They crawl on the book,
And they seem to look,
But they never know A, B, C :

Sing A, B, C,
Sing A, B, C,
They never know A, B, C.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs"

THE SPARROW.

Glad to see you, little bird,
'T was your little chirp I heard;
What did you intend to say?
"Give me something this cold day?"
That I will, and plenty too;
All these crumbs I saved for you:
Don't be frightened—here's a treat;
I will wait and see you eat.
Shocking tales I hear of you;
Chirp, and tell me, are they true?
Robbing all the summer long;
Don't you think it very wrong?
Thomas says you steal his wheat,
John complains his plums you eat,
Choose the ripest for your share,
Never asking whose they are.
But I will not try to know
What you did so long ago:
There's your breakfast, eat away;
Come and see me every day.

Child's Book of Poetry.

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

- “ See, mamma, the crumbs are flying
Fast and thickly through the air ;
On the branches they are lying,
On the walks and everywhere.
Oh, how glad the birds will be,
When so many crumbs they see.”
- “ No, my little girl, 't is snowing,
Nothing for the birds is here ;
Very cold the air is growing,
'T is the winter of the year :
Frost will nip the robins' food,
'T will no more be sweet and good.
- “ See the clouds the skies that cover,
'T is from them the snow-flakes fall,
Whitening hills and fields all over,
Hanging from the fir-trees tall.
Were it warm, 't would rain ; but lo,
Frost has changed the rain to snow.”
- “ If the robins food are needing,
Oh, I hope to me they 'll come ;
I should like to see them feeding
On the window of my room :
I 'll divide with them my store,
Much I wish I could do more.”

Mary Lundie Duncan.



THE LITTLE GIRL THAT COULD NOT
READ.

I don't know my letters, and what shall I do?
For I've got a nice book, but I can't read it
through;

O dear, how I wish that my letters I knew.
I think I had better begin them to-day,

'T is so like a dunce to be always at play:
Mamma, if you please, will you teach me great
A,

And then B and C, as they stand in the row,
One after another, as far as they go?

For then I can read my new story, you know.

So do, mamma, tell me at once, and you'll see
What a good, very good little child I shall be,
To try and remember my A, B, C, D.

Taylor.

THE BLIND BOY.

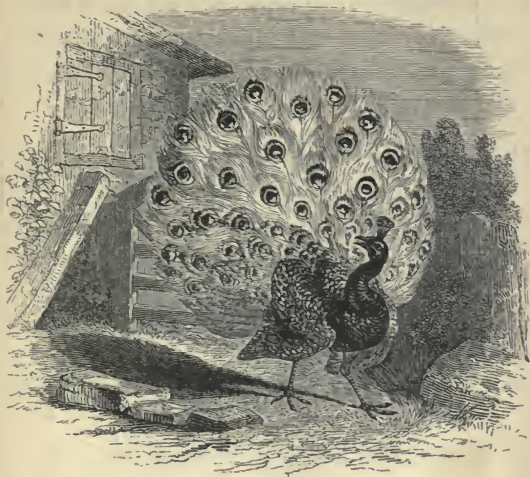
“Dear Mary,” said the poor blind boy,
“That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?”

“Yes, Edward, yes,” replied the maid,
“I see the bird on yonder tree;”
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
“Sister, I wish that I could see.

“The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees.

“Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

“So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight to me he has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?”



THE PEACOCK.

Come, come, mister peacock, you must not be
proud,

Although you can boast such a train ;
For many a bird far more highly endowed
Is not half so conceited and vain.

Let me tell you, gay bird, that a suit of fine
clothes

Is a sorry distinction at most,
And seldom much valued, excepting by those
Who such graces only can boast.

The nightingale certainly wears a plain coat,
But she cheers and delights with her song ;
While you, though so vain, cannot utter a note
To please by the use of your tongue.

The hawk cannot boast of a plumage so gay,
But piercing and clear is her eye ;
And while you are strutting about all the day,
She gallantly soars in the sky.

The dove may be clad in a plainer attire,
But she is not so selfish and cold ;
And her love and affection more pleasure in-
spire,
Than all your fine purple and gold.

So you see, mister peacock, you must not be
proud,
Although you can boast such a train ;
For many a bird is more highly endowed,
And not half so conceited and vain.

THE LITTLE BOY.

See me, I am a little boy,
Who loves to go to school ;
And though I am not very old,
I'll prove I am no fool.

For I can count one, two, three, four,
Say one and two make three;
Take one away, then two remain,
As you may plainly see.

Twice one are two, twice two are four,
And six is three times two;
Twice four are eight, twice five are ten.
And more than this I do:

For I have learned some little songs
About the *dog* and *cat*;
And sing them very sweetly too,
And to beat time I pat.

I know that A does stand for *Ape*,
For *Apple*, and for *All*;
That B does for a *Bottle* stand,
A *Baker*, and a *Ball*.

C stands for *Cake* and *Cooper* too,
D for my pretty *Dog*;
E *Eagle* is, our country's arms,
And F it stands for *Frog*.

I know there are two sorts of things:
One sees, and feels, and loves;
The *other* only stands stock still,
Nor hears, nor sees, nor moves.

But better still, I learn that God
 Made all things that I see;
He made the earth, he made the sky,
 And he made *you* and *me*.

I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.

“I will be good, dear mother,”
 I heard a sweet child say;
“I will be good; now watch me—
 I will be good all day.”

She lifted up her bright young eyes,
 With a soft and pleasing smile;
Then a mother's kiss was on her lips,
 So pure and free from guile.

And when night came, that little one,
 In kneeling down to pray,
Said, in a soft and whispering tone,
 “Have I been good to-day?”

Oh, many, many bitter tears
 'T would save us, did we say,
Like that dear child, with earnest heart,
 “I will be good to-day.”



THE SQUIRREL.

Oh, there's the squirrel perched aloft,
That active little rover ;
See how he whisks his bushy tail,
Which shadows him all over.

Now view him seated on the bough,
To crack his nuts at ease,
While blackbirds sing, and stockdoves coo,
Amid the neighboring trees.

With cunning glance he casts around
His merry sparkling eye ;
In yonder hazel by the brook,
Rich clusters he can spy.

And then he flies much more alert
Than butterfly or bee ;
No lamb or kid is half so light,
So swift of foot as he.

WILLIE LOVES THE COUNTRY.

Willie loves the country,
And pleased is he to go,
When wintry storms are over,
And cold winds cease to blow,
And with his dear papa
Trim up the shrubs and vines ;
Rejoiced that spring has come,
And the warm sun brightly shines
He loves the clear blue sky,
And flowers of beauty wild ;
To see the grazing cow,
And lambs that look so mild.

He loves to go among
The fresh, sweet-scented hay,
And turn it o'er and o'er,
Before it goes away.

When evening dusk draws on,
Then does this little boy
Run out to gather eggs,
With fresh delight and joy.

And thus he spends his time
In youthful work or play ;
Pleased when his lesson 's learned,
And happy all the day.



THE SNOW-BIRD'S SONG.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long,
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song :

“Oh, sister, look out of the window,” said she;
“Here’s a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee.

Chick-a-de-dee, etc.

“Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and
shoes,

And a nice little frock, and a hat, if he choose;
I wish he’d come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-
de-dee.”

Chick-a-de-dee, etc.

“There is One, my dear child, though I cannot
tell who,

Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.
Good-morning! Oh who are so happy as we?”
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee.

Chick-a-de-dee, etc.

MY MOTHER.

My mother, my kind mother,
I hear thy gentle voice;
It always makes my little heart
Beat gladly and rejoice.

When I am ill it comes to me,
And kindly soothes my pain;
And when I sleep, then in my dreams
It sweetly comes again.

It always makes me happy,
 Whene'er I hear its tone ;
I know it is the voice of love,
 From a heart that is my own.

My mother, my dear mother,
 O may I never be
Unkind or disobedient,
 In any way, to thee.

PURE AIR.

Throw open the window, and fasten it there,
 Fling the curtain aside, and the blind,
And give a free entrance to heaven's pure air ;
 'T is the life and the health of mankind.

Are you fond of coughs, colds, dyspepsia, and
 rheums,
 Of headaches, and fevers, and chills ?
Of bitters, hot drops, and medicine fumes,
 And bleeding, and blisters, and pills ?

Then be sure when you sleep that all air is
 shut out ;

 Place, too, a warm brick at your feet,
Put a bandage of flannel your neck quite about,
 And cover your head with a sheet.

But would you avoid all forms of disease,
Then haste to the fresh open air,
Where your cheek may kindly be fanned by
the breeze ;
'T will make you well, happy, and fair.

Then open the window, and fasten it there,
Fling the curtain aside, and the blind,
And give free admission to heaven's pure air ;
'T is life, light, and joy to mankind.

A BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

The mother looked pale, and her face was sad,
She seemed to have nothing to make her glad ;
She silently sat with the tears in her eye,
For her dear little boy had told a lie.

He was a gentle, affectionate child,
His ways were winning, his temper was mild ;
There was love and joy in his soft blue eye,
But the dear little boy had told a lie.

He stood alone by the window within,
For he felt that his soul was stained with sin ;
And his mother could hear him sob and cry,
Because he had told her that wicked lie.

Then he came and stood by his mother's side,
And asked for a kiss, which she denied ;
While he promised, with many a penitent sigh,
That he never would tell another lie.

So she bade him before her kneel gently down,
And took his soft hands within her own ;
And she kissed his cheek as he looked on high
And prayed to be pardoned for telling that lie.



BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads the wax,
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do. Watts.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

When General Washington was young,
About as big as I,
He never would permit his tongue
To tell a wilful lie.

Once when he cut his father's tree,
He owned it to his face ;
And then his father ardently
Clasped him in his embrace.

He told his son it pleased him more
To find him own the truth,
Than if his tree were bending o'er
With rich and golden fruit.

Then like this good and noble youth,
Whose virtues ever shone,
I'll seek the paths of love and truth,
And all my faults will own.



THE WORKS OF GOD.

God made the sky that looks so blue ;
He made the grass so green ;
He made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see ;
It comes to give us heat and light :
How thankful should we be.

God made the pretty bird to fly ;
How sweetly has she sung ;
And though she flies so very high,
She wont forget her young.

God made the cow to give nice milk,
The horse for mé to use ;
I'll treat them kindly for His sake,
Nor dare His gifts abuse.

God made the water for my drink ;
He made the fish to swim ;
He made the tree to bear nice fruit :
O, how should I love him.

Taylor.

THE BEES.

O, mother dear, pray tell me where
The bees in winter stay ?
The flowers are gone they feed upon,
So sweet in summer's day.

My child, they live within the hive,
And have enough to eat ;
Amid the storm they're clean and warm,
Their food is honey sweet.

Say, mother dear, how came it there ?
Did father feed them so ?
I see no way in winter's day
That honey has to grow.

No, no, my child; in summer mild,
The bees laid up their store
Of honey-drops in little cups,
Till they would want no more.

In cups, you said—how are they made?
Are they as large as ours?
O no; they're all made nice and small,
Of wax found in the flowers.

Our summer's day to work and play,
Is now in mercy given,
And we must strive, long as we live,
To lay up stores in heaven.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs."

THE WANDERINGS OF THE BIRDS.

Autumn has come, so bare and gray,
The woods are brown and red,
The flowers all have passed away,
The forest leaves are dead.

The little birds at morning dawn,
Clothed in warm coats of feather,
Conclude that they away will roam,
To seek for milder weather.

The robin gives his last sweet strain,
His mate responding, follows ;
And then away they lead the train
Of blue-birds, wrens, and swallows.

The cuckoo, thrush, and yellow-bird,
The wild goose, teal, and sparrow,
Martin and chippee, all are heard
To sing their parting carol.

The oriole hastens in his flight,
The swallow skims the water ;
The whip-poor-will and bobby-white
Join in the blackbirds' chatter.

Tribe after tribe with leaders fair
All spread their wings for flight,
Away, away, high in the air,
Nor care for day nor night.

The fig-tree and the orange bowers
They soon will find so sweet ;
The sunny clime of fruits and flowers
They with warm hearts will greet.

But when the voice of spring they hear,
They 'll sing their "chick-a-dee,"
And back they 'll come, our hearts to cheer,
"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whee."



DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

Don't kill the birds—the little birds
That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.

The little birds—how sweet they sing;
Oh, let them joyous live,
And do not seek to take their life,
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds—the pretty birds
That play among the trees;
'T would make the earth a cheerless place
To see no more of these.

The little birds—how fond they play ;
Do not disturb their sport ;
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds—the happy birds,
That cheer the field and grove ;
Such harmless things to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.

WHEN FATHER COMES HOME.

When my father comes home in the evening
from work,
Then I will get up on his knee,
And tell him how many nice lessons I learn,
And show him how good I can be.

He shall hear what number I know how to
count,
I'll tell him what words I can spell ;
And if I can learn something new every day,
I hope soon to read very well.

I'll repeat to him all the good verses I know,
And tell him how kind we must be,
That we never must hurt little creatures at all ;
And he will be glad, and love me.

I'll tell him we always must try to please God,
And never be cruel nor rude,
For God is the Father of all living things,
He cares for and blesses the good.



SAMUEL.

When little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke,
How much did he rejoice.
O blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

If God would speak to me,
And say he was my friend,
How happy I should be,
Oh how should I attend.
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

And does he never speak ?
O yes ; for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

THE POOR FAMILY.

I saw an old cottage of clay,
And only of mud was the floor,
'T was all falling into decay,
And snow drifted in at the door.

Yet there a poor family dwelt
In a cottage so dismal and rude ;
And though keenest hunger they felt,
They 'd scarcely a morsel of food.

The children were crying for bread,
And to their poor mother would run—
“ O give us some breakfast,” they said ;
Alas, their poor mother had none.

O then let the wealthy and gay
But see such a hovel as this ;
And in a poor cottage of clay,
Learn what real misery is.

The little that I have to spare,
I never will squander away,
While thousands of people there are
As poor and as wretched as they. Taylor.



MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow ;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule ;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, I 'm not afraid,
You 'll keep me from all harm.

“ What makes the lamb love Mary so ? ”
The eager children cry.

“ O, Mary loves the lamb, you know, ”
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.



THE LITTLE BEGGARS.

Two beggars are at the door, mamma,
Two beggars are at the door,
A beggar-boy and a beggar-girl,
And the wind is biting, at every whirl,
Their feet all naked and sore.

Oh, hasten and bring them in, mamma,
Oh, hasten and bring them in,
And let them sit by this fire so warm,
For they have been out in the cold, cold storm,
And their clothes are tattered and thin.

And tell them this is their home, mamma,
Oh, tell them this is their home ;
And give them something to eat that 's nice,
Of bread and butter a good large slice,
And bid them no more to roam.

For is n't it all too bad, mamma,
Oh, is n't it all too bad,
That they must starve, or beg in the street,
No cloak to their backs, or shoes to their feet,
While I am so finely clad ?

It may be God sent them here, mamma,
It may be God sent them here,
And now looks down from his home in the sky,
To watch them and see whether you and I
Are kind to his children dear.

And will he not angry be, mamma,
And will he not angry be,
If we let them go on in the storm so rough,
To perish with want, while more than enough
For them and for us have we ?

TRYING TO DO RIGHT.

O that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought ;
Then let me try with all my might,
To mind what I am taught.

Wherever I am bid to go,
I'll cheerfully obey,
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave some pretty play.
When I am bid, I'll freely bring
Whatever I have got,
And never touch a pretty thing,
If mother tells me not.
When she permits me, I may tell
About my little toys;
But if she's busy or unwell,
I must not make a noise.
And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work, and read, and spell,
I will not think about my play,
But try to do it well.
For God looks down from heaven on high,
Our actions to behold,
And he is pleased when children try
To do as they are told. Taylor

FAITH IN GOD.

I knew a widow very poor,
Who four small children had:
The oldest was but six years old,
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled
To feed her children four ;
A noble heart the mother had,
Though she was very poor.

To labor, she would leave her home,
For children must be fed ;
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had
On any day to eat :
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home—
'T was searched by every breeze—
When, going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy :
He never raised his head,
But still went on, and said, " Give us
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed ;
And when he rose, I asked him why
That prayer he then had said.

“ Why, sir,” said he, “ this morning, when
My mother went away,
She wept, because she said she had
No bread for us to-day.

“ She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead ;
And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.

“ ‘ Our Father,’ sir, the prayer begins,
Which made me think that he,
As we have no kind father here,
Would our kind Father be.

“ And then you know, sir, that the prayer
Asks God for bread each day ;
So in the corner, sir, I went,
And that ’s what made me pray.”

I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with fleeting feet,
And very soon was back again
With food enough to eat.

“I *thought* God heard me,” said the boy.
 I answered with a nod ;
 I could not speak, but much I thought
 Of that boy’s faith in God. Rev. Dr. Hawks.

THE CHATTERBOX.

From morning till night, it was Lucy’s delight
 To chatter and talk without stopping ;
 There was not a day but she rattled away,
 Like water for ever a dropping.

As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes,
 ’T was vain to endeavor to still her ;
 Nor once did she lack to continue her clack,
 Till again she lay down on her pillow.

How very absurd ! and have you not heard
 That much tongue and few brains are con-
 nected ;

That they are supposed to think least who talk
 most ?

Their wisdom is always suspected.

While Lucy was young, if she ’d bridled her
 tongue

With a little good-sense and exertion,
 Who knows but she might now have been our
 delight,

Instead of our jest and aversion. Taylor.

LOVE YOUR LITTLE BROTHER.

I had a little friend ;
And every day he crept
In sadness to his brother's tomb,
And laid him down and wept.

And when I asked him why
He mourned so long and sore,
He answered through his tears, " Because
I did not love him more.

" Sometimes I was not kind,
Or cross, or coldly spake ;"
And then he turned away, and sobbed
As though his heart would break.

Brothers and sisters are a gift
Of mercy from the skies ;
And may I always think of this
Whene'er they meet my eyes ,

Be tender, good, and kind,
And love them in my heart,
Lest I should sigh with bitter grief,
When we are called to part.

Mrs. Sigourney.

THE ANTS.

A little black ant found a large grain of wheat,
Too heavy to lift or to roll ;
So he begged of a neighbor he happened to meet,
To help it down into his hole.

I've got my own work to look after, said he ;
You must shift for yourself, if you please ;
So he crawled off as selfish and cross as could be,
And lay down to sleep at his ease.

Just then a black brother was passing the road,
And seeing his brother in want,
Came up and assisted him in with his load,
For he was a good-natured ant.

Let all who this story may happen to hear,
Endeavor to profit by it ;
For often it happens that children appear
As cross as the ant, every bit.

And the good-natured ant who assisted his
brother
May teach those who choose to be taught,
That if little insects are kind to each other,
Then children most certainly ought.



IDLE ANNA.

Oh, Anna, this will never do,
This work is sadly done, my dear ;
And then so little of it, too—
You have not taken pains, I fear.

Oh, no, your work has been forgotten ;
Indeed, you hardly thought of that :
I saw you roll your spool of cotton
About the floor, to please the cat.

See, here are stitches straggling wide,
And others stretching down so far,
I'm very sure you have not tried
In this, at least, to please mamma.

The little girl who will not sew,
Must neither be allowed to play ;
And now I hope, my love, that you
Will take more pains another day.

MY FATHER BLESSED ME.

My father raised his trembling hand,
And laid it on my head ;
“ God bless thee, O my son, my son !”
Most tenderly he said.

He died, and left no gems or gold :
But still I was his heir ;
For that rich blessing which he gave
Became a fortune rare.

Still, in my weary hours of toil
To earn my daily bread,
It gladdens me in thought to feel
His hand upon my head.

Though infant tongues to me have said,
“ Dear father,” oft since then,
Yet when I bring that scene to mind,
I'm but a child again.

THE ARK AND DOVE.

There was a noble ark,
Sailing o'er waters dark
And wide around ;
Not one tall tree was seen,
Nor flower, nor leaf of green—
All, all was drowned.

Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread
A meek dove flew ;
But on that shoreless tide,
No living thing she spied
To cheer her view.

So to the ark she fled,
With weary, drooping head,
To seek for rest :
Christ is thy ark, my love,
Thou art the tender dove ;
Fly to his breast. Mrs. Sigourney

WHAT I HATE.

I hate to see a little girl
That does not love to rise,
And have the water, fresh and sweet,
Cover her face and eyes.

I hate to see her pretty dress
So careless look and tossed,
Her toys all scattered here and there,
Her thread and needle lost.

I hate to see her, at her play,
When little girls have met
To frolic, laugh, and run about,
Grow peevish, cry, and fret.

I hate to hear her tell a lie—
What's not her own to take ;
Mamma's commands to disobey,
And father's rules to break.

And now I've told you what I hate,
I'll only stop to say,
Perhaps I'll tell you what I love
Upon some other day.

WHAT I LOVE.

I love to see a little girl
Rise with the lark so bright ;
Bathe, comb, and dress with cheerful face,
Then thank the God of light.
And when she comes to meet mamma,
So fresh and neat and clean,
And asks a kiss from dear papa
With such a modest mien,

That all who see her gentle look
And pretty actions too,
Will feel that she's a darling child—
Kind, honest, loving, true.

These are the things I so much like ;
And now, who'll try to be
The meek and modest little girl
Which you before you see ?

ROBIN REDBREAST'S SECRET.

I'm little Robin Redbreast, sir,
My nest is in the tree ;
If you look up in yonder elm,
My pleasant home you'll see.
We made it very soft and nice—
My pretty mate and I—
And all the time we worked at it,
We sang most merrily.

The green leaves shade our lovely home
From the hot scorching sun ;
So many birds live in the tree,
We do not want for fun.
The light breeze gently rocks our nest,
And hushes us to sleep ;
We're up betimes to sing our song,
And the first daylight greet.

I have a secret I would like
The little girls to know ;
But I wont tell a single boy—
They rob the poor birds so.

We have four pretty little nests,
We watch them with great care ;
Full fifty eggs are in this tree—
Don't tell the boys they 're here.



Joe Thomson robbed the nest last year,
And year before, Tom Brown ;
I'll tell it loud as I can sing,
To every one in town.

Swallow and sparrow, lark and thrush,
Will tell you just the same :
To make us all so sorrowful,
It is a wicked shame.

Oh, did you hear the concert
This morning from our tree ?
We give it every morning
Just as the clock strikes three.
We praise our great Creator,
Whose holy love we share ;
Dear children, learn to praise Him too,
For all his tender care.

Youth's Penny Gazette.

ANNA'S RESOLUTION.

Well, now I'll sit down, and I'll work very fast,
And try if I can't be a good girl at last ;
'T is better than being so sulky and haughty,
I'm really quite tired of being so naughty.

For as mamma says, when my business is done,
There 's plenty of time left to play and to run ;
But when 't is my work-time, I ought to sit still ;
And I know that I ought, so I certainly will.

But for fear, after all, I should get at my play,
I will put little doll in the closet away ;

And I'll not look to see what the kitten is doing,
Nor yet think of any thing else but my sewing.
I'm sorry I've idled so often before,
But I hope I shall never do so any more :
Mamma will be pleased when she sees how I
mend,
And have done this long seam from beginning
to end. Taylor.

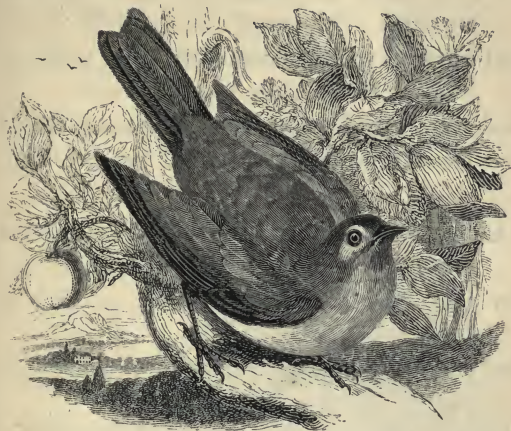
PRETTY BEE.

Pretty bee, pray tell me why
Thus from flower to flower you fly,
Culling sweets the livelong day,
Never leaving off to play.

Little child, I'll tell you why
Thus from flower to flower I fly :
Let the truth thy thoughts engage
From thy youth to riper age.

Summer flowers will soon be o'er ;
Winter comes, they bloom no more :
Fairest days will soon be past ;
Brightest suns will set at last.

Little child, now learn of me :
Let thy youth thy seed-time be ;
Then, when wintry age has come,
Richly bear thy harvest home.



TEMPERANCE SONG.

I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,
Who sung in the apple-tree over the way,
What 't was she was singing so sweetly about,
For I'd tried a long time, but could not find out:
"Why, I'm sure," she replied, "you cannot
guess wrong;
Don't you know I am singing a temperance
song?"

"Teetotal—O that's the first word of my lay;
And then don't you see how I twitter away?"

'T is because I've just dipped my beak in the
spring,
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my
wing.

Cold water, cold water, yes, that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day long.

“ And now, my sweet miss, wont you give me
a crumb ;
For the dear little nestlings are waiting at
home ?

And one thing besides ; since my story you've
heard,

I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird ;
And never forget, while you list to my song,
All the birds to the cold-water army belong.”

E. P. Hood's Temperance Melodies.

THE CHILD IN HEAVEN.

A little child who loves to pray,
And read his Bible too,
Shall rise above the sky one day,
And sing as angels do ;
Shall live in heaven, that world above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.

Look up, dear children, see that star,
Which shines so brightly there ;
But you shall brighter shine by far,
When in that world so fair :
A harp of gold you each shall have,
And sing the power of Christ to save.



THE MERRY FLY.

My merry little fly, play here,
And let me look at you ;
I will not touch you, though you 're near,
As naughty children do.

I see you spread your pretty wings,
That sparkle in the sun :
I see your legs—what tiny things ;
And yet how fast they run !
You walk along the ceiling now,
And down the upright wall :
I'll ask mamma to tell me how
You walk and do not fall.
'T was God that taught you, little fly,
To walk along the ground,
And mount above my head so high,
And frolic round and round.
I'll near you stand, to see you play ;
But do not be afraid :
I would not lift my little hand
To hurt what God has made.

Mary Lundie Duncan

WE ARE SEVEN.

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.
“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?”
“How many ? seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they, I pray you tell?”

She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven; I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then you are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied,

“Twelve steps or more from mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

- “My stockings there I often knit ;
My ’kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.
- “And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.
- “The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain,
And then she went away.
- “So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.
- “And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go ;
And he lies by her side.”
- “How many are you, then,” said I,
“If those two are in heaven?”
The little maiden did reply,
“O, master, we are seven.”

“But they are dead—those two are dead,
Their spirits are in heaven.”

’Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven.”

Wordsworth.

FEAR NOT.

Yea, fear not, fear not, little ones;
There is in heaven an Eye
That looks with yearning fondness down
On all the paths ye try.

’Tis He who guides the sparrow’s wing,
And guards her little brood;
Who hears the ravens when they cry,
And fills them all with food.

’Tis He who clothes the fields with flowers,
And pours the light abroad;
’Tis he who numbers all your hours,
Your Father and your God.

Ye are the chosen of his love,
His most peculiar care;
And will he guide the fluttering dove,
And not regard your prayer?

Nay, fear not, fear not, little ones;
There is in heaven an Eye
That looks with yearning fondness down
On all the paths you try.

He'll keep you when the storm is wild,
And when the flood is near;
O trust him, trust him as a child,
And you have naught to fear.

THE BROKEN CHAIR.

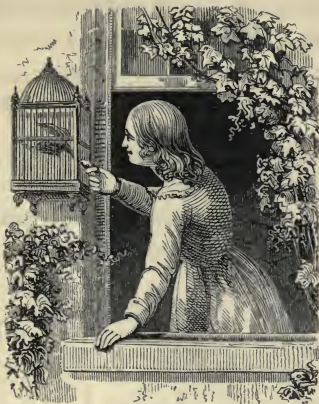
O dear, O dear, what shall I do?
I've broke my chair, and tumbled through:
Mother will say, You careless boy,
From morn till night, 't is all, *destroy*.

I'm sure I did not mean to break
The chair she purchased for my sake;
I felt like jumping then, and so
It broke, and then I tumbled through.

I am afraid to meet her eye;
She'll look so sorry, I shall cry:

O dear, O dear, what shall I do?
I wish I had not tumbled through.

I'll tell you what—now right away
I'll go and tell her 't was in play;
And I'm so sorry for it now,
I know I shall more careful grow.



THE CAPTIVE BLUEBIRD.

“Sweet little mistress, let me go,
And I’ll smooth the feathers on my brow,
And sing you a song so sweet and clear,
That you will be glad to stop and hear.

“Indeed, you know not what you do ;
I’ll tell you all, and tell you true :
I’ve left some young ones on the tree,
In a soft nest ; there are one, two, three.

“’Tis two hours now since Billy was fed,
And little Dick he hangs his head,
Sweet Katy wonders where I’m gone,
And the poor things are all alone.

- “ Perhaps some cat, in prowling round,
Will see and seize them at a bound ;
The cruel pussy I might scare
With my shrill note, if I were there.
- “ Ah me ! no more at early morn
Shall I rest my foot on the stooping thorn,
And pour the song from my soft breast,
While my dear young ones are at rest.
- “ No more shall I, with eager bill,
Snatch up the worm from off the hill,
And no more hear the trembling cry
That welcomes me when I draw nigh.
- “ But my sad notes have touched your heart,
Your open hand bids me depart ;
Blessings on thee, my mistress dear,
My darlings have no more to fear.”

THE LIE.

And has my darling told a lie ?
Did she forget that God was by—
That God who saw the thing she did,
From whom no action can be hid ?
Did she forget that God could see
And hear, wherever she might be ?

He made our eyes, and can discern
Whichever way you think to turn ;
He made our ears, and he can hear
Whene'er you think no one is near :
In every place, by night or day ,
He watches all you do or say.

You thought because you were alone,
Your falsehood never could be known ;
But liars always are found out,
Whatever way they wind about :
Then always be afraid, my dear,
To tell a lie, for God can hear.

THE LITTLE FISH.

“Dear mother,” said a little fish,
“Pray is not that a fly ;
I'm very hungry, and I wish
You 'd let me go and try.”

“Sweet innocent,” the mother cried,
And started from her nook,
“That horrid fly is put to hide
The sharpness of the hook.”

Now, as I've heard, this little trout
Was young and foolish too,
And so he thought he 'd venture out
To see if it were true.

And round about the hook he played,
With many a longing look,
And, "Dear me," to himself he said,
"I'm sure that 's not a *hook*."

"I can but give one little pluck:
Let 's see, and so I will."

So on he went, and lo, it stuck
Quite through his little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,
With hollow voice he cried,
"Dear mother, had I minded you,
I need not now have died."

LITTLE CHILD.

Little child, when you 're at play,
Do you know that Jesus sees you?
He it is who made the day,
Sunshine, birds, and flowers, to please you.
O then thank him much, and pray
To be grateful every day.

Little child, when you 're afraid,
Do you know that Christ is by you?
Seek his care then—he has said,
Ask, and I will not deny you.
And he never fails to hear:
He will keep you, do not fear.

Little child, when you are bad,
Do you think that Jesus knows it?
Yes; and O, it makes him glad
When you 're sorry, and disclose it.
O then tell him quick, and pray
To grow better every day.

DIRTY HANDS.

O dear me, Emma, how is this?
Your hands are very dirty, miss;
I don't expect such hands to see
When you come in to dine with me.

Mamma, said little Emma, pray,
Shall we have company to-day,
That I should be so very clean?
By whom, pray, am I to be seen?

By whom, my dear? why, by mamma,
By brothers, sisters, and papa;
Say, do you not most love to see
Your parents and your family?

Be cleanly and polite at home,
Then you 're prepared if friends should come;
Make it your habit to be clean,
No matter then by whom you 're seen.

CHICKENS.

O hear the chickens pip;
They will no longer keep
Under their mother's wing;
And shall I run and catch them?
O no, I must not touch them;
'T would be a cruel thing.

She cannot get away,
She wishes them to stay
Within the little coop:
I wish that they were kinder,
And not so slow to mind her,
So swift away to hop.

Poor hen, she walks about
And struggles to get out,
She feels so very sad:
I wish that every chickling
Would stop its merry pipping,
And run to make her glad.

I'll never run away,
Or stop to laugh and play
When mother calls me home:
I'll quickly run to meet her,
With kindest kisses greet her,
Soon as she bids me come.



SULKING.

Why is Sarah standing there,
Leaning down upon a chair,
With such an angry lip and brow?
I wonder what's the matter now.
Come here, my dear, and tell me true;
Is it because I spoke to you
About the work you'd done so slow,
That you are standing fretting so?
Why, then indeed I'm grieved to see
That you can so ill-tempered be.
You make your fault a great deal worse
By being angry and perverse.

O, how much better 't would appear,
To see you shed a humble tear,
And then to hear you meekly say,
"I'll not do so another day."

TEMPER.

Bad temper, go,
You never shall stay with me;
Bad temper, go,
You and I shall never agree.
For I will always kind and mild
And gentle pray to be,
And do to others as I wish
That they should do to me.
Temper bad
With me shall never stay;
Temper bad
Can never be happy and gay.

OF WHAT ARE YOUR CLOTHES MADE?

Come here to mamma, and I'll tell you, dear
boy—

For I think you never have guessed—
How many poor animals we must employ
Before little George can be dressed.

The pretty sheep gives you the wool from his
sides,

To make you a jacket to use ;

The goat or the calf must be stripped of their
hides,

To give you these nice little shoes.

And then the shy beaver contributes his share,

With the rabbit, to give you a hat,

For this must be made of their delicate hair ;

And so you may thank them for that.

All these I have mentioned, and many more too,

Each willingly gives us a share ;

One sends us a hat, and another a shoe,

That we may have plenty to wear.

Then as the poor creatures thus suffer to give

So much for the comfort of man,

I think 't is but right, that as long as they live

We should treat them as kind as we can.

Taylor.

BE CAREFUL IN PLAY.

In your play be very careful .

Not to give another pain ;

And if others hurt or tease you,

Never do the like to them.

If a stone were thrown upon you,
And should hit your head or eye,
Don't you know 't would hurt you sadly,
Don't you think 't would make you cry?

Never throw a stone or brickbat,
Though you see no creature near;
'T is a dangerous, naughty practice,
Which you little ones should fear.

God will love the child that 's gentle,
And who tries to do no wrong:
You must learn then to be careful,
Now while you are very young.

HAPPY CHILDREN.

If little children love to pray,
And keep their temper all the day,
And never speak a wicked word,
Whatever language they have heard;

Or if they struggle hard and pray,
To drive all naughty thoughts away;
Then they 'll be happy all day long
As wild birds in their morning song.



WORK AND PLAY.

Those children who are all the day
Allowed to wander out,
And only waste their time in play,
Or running wild about ;

Who do not any school attend,
But trifle as they will,
Are almost certain in the end
To come to something ill.

There's nothing worse than idleness
To lead them into sin ;
'T is sure to end in wretchedness,
In poverty, and pain.

Sometimes they learn to lie and cheat,
Sometimes to steal and swear:
These are the lessons in the street
For idle children there.

A GOOD NAME.

Children, choose it,
Don't refuse it,
'T is a precious diadem;
Highly prize it,
Don't despise it,
You will need it when you 're men.

Love and cherish,
Keep and nourish,
'T is more precious far than gold;
Watch and guard it,
Don't discard it,
You will need it when you 're old.

BOY AND LARK.

Who taught you to sing,
My sweet pretty birds?
Who tuned your beautiful throats?

You make all the woods
And the valleys to ring,
You bring the first news
Of the earliest spring,
With your loud and silvery notes.

It was God, said a lark,
As he rose from the earth ;
He gives us the good we enjoy :
He painted our wings,
He gave us our voice,
He finds us our food,
He bids us rejoice—
Good-morning, my beautiful boy !

L. H. Sigourney.



PRIDE.

How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new,
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before!

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.

Watts.

GOOD GIRLS.

Two good little girls, Marianne and Maria,
As happily lived as good girls could desire;
And though they were neither grave, sullen,
nor mute,

They seldom or never were heard to dispute.

If one wants a thing that the other could get,
They never are scratching or scrambling for it,
But each one is willing to give up her right;
They 'd rather have nothing, than quarrel and
fight.

If one of them happens to have something nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice;
Not acting like some greedy children I've known,
Who would go in a corner and eat it alone.

When papa or mamma had a job to be done,
These good little girls would immediately run,
And not stand disputing to which it belonged,
And grumble and fret and declare they were
wronged.

Whatever occurred in their work or their play,
They were willing to yield and give up their
own way:

Then let us all try their example to mind,
And always, like them, be obliging and kind.

Taylor.

THE BEST WAY FOR MOLLY TO BE HAPPY.

She said, "I should like to be happy to-day,
If I could but tell which was the easiest way;
But then I don't know any pretty new play:

And as to the old ones, why, which is the best?
There's old blind-man's-buff, hide-and-seek, and
the rest—

Or pretending it's tea-time, when dollies are
dressed.

But no; let me see—now I've thought of a way
Which would really, I think, be still better than
play:

I'll try to be good, if I can, the *whole* day,

Without any fretting or crying: O, no,
For *that* makes me wretched wherever I go;
And it *would* be a pity to spoil the day so.

I don't choose to be such a baby, not I,
To be peevish and cross, and just ready to cry;
And mamma will be pleased that at least I
should try.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, my dear mother—dear mother,
good-night;

You may take out the lamp, and shut the door
tight:

Your dear little Ellen will not be afraid,
Though left quite alone in her own quiet bed.

Afraid, my dear mother, afraid, when I know
God watches on high, while you watch below?
And though the thick darkness all round me is
spread,

I know that from him I can never be hid.

You say, my dear mother, whenever I pray,
Although he's in heaven, he'll hear what I say;
And so, if I should have some foolish fears rise,
I'll pray in my heart when I shut up my eyes.

Good-night, my dear mother—dear mother,
good-night;
Please take out the candle, and shut the door
tight:
Your dear little daughter will not be afraid,
When left quite alone in her own little bed.



THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

What, looking in the glass again?
Why's my silly child so vain?
Do you think yourself as fair
As the gentle lilies are?

Is your merry eye as blue
As the violet's, wet with dew?
Yet it loves the best to hide
By the hedge's shady side.

When your cheek the brightest glows,
Is it redder than the rose?
But the rose's buds are seen
Almost hid with moss and green.

Little flowers, that open gay,
Peeping forth at break of day:
In the garden, hedge, or plain,
Do you think that they are vain?

Beauty soon will fade away,
Your rosy cheek must soon decay;
There's nothing lasting, you will find,
But the treasures of the mind.

O FIE, AMELIA.

“O fie, Amelia; I'm ashamed
To hear you quarrel so:
Leave off those naughty tricks, my child—
Go play with sister, go.”

“I sha'n't, mamma, the little girl
May play with whom she can;
And while she lives, she shall not have
My waxen doll again.”

“Poor little Betsey Smith, she sits
Day after day alone;
She had a darling sister once,
But now she’s dead and gone.

“Betsey was quite a fretful child,
And when she used to play
With pretty little Emeline,
She quarrelled every day.

“One day her sister said to her,
‘Don’t, Betsey, be so cross;
Indeed, I am not well to-day,
And fear I shall be worse.’

“‘Not well? Oh yes, you’re very sick!
I don’t believe it’s true;
You only want to coax mamma
To get nice things for you.’

“But Emma lingered here a while,
Then closed her eyes, and died:
Ah, who can tell the sorrow now,
That fills poor Betsey’s mind?”

“And now she goes away and sits,
Day after day, alone;
She does not want to sing or play,
Since sister Emma’s gone.”

LITTLE MARY.

Before the bright sun rises over the hill,
In the cornfields poor Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill
With the few scattered ears she can glean.

She never looks off, nor goes out of her place
To play, nor to idle, nor chat,
Except, now and then, just to wipe her warm
face,
And fan herself with her straw hat.

“Why don't you leave off, as the others have
done,
And sit with them under the tree?
I fear you will faint in the beams of the sun;
How weary and hot you must be.”

“O, no; my dear mother lies sick in her bed,
Too feeble to spin or to knit;
My poor little brothers are crying for bread,
And yet we can't give them a bit.

“Then could I be idle, or merry, or play,
While they are so hungry and ill?
Ah no, I had rather work hard all the day,
My little blue apron to fill.”

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day
In laying up her store ?

The sparrow builds her clever nest
Of wool and hay and moss ;
Who told her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across ?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his feast of honey by,
To eat in winter hours ?

'T was God who showed them all the way,
And gave their little skill ;
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do his holy will.

GOD'S CARE FOR THE YOUNG.

Isaac was ransomed while he lay
Upon the altar bound ;

Moses, an infant, cast away,
Pharaoh's own daughter found.

Joseph, by his false brethren sold,
God raised above them all ;
To Hannah's child the Lord foretold
How Eli's house must fall.

David the bear and lion slew,
And o'er Gath's champion stood ;
Josiah from his boyhood knew
His father David's God.

To good Naomi gentle Ruth
Clave with a daughter's soul ;
A little maid revealed the truth
Whence Naaman was made whole.

Children are thus Jehovah's care,
Thus youth may seek his face ;
If his own Son he did not spare,
Will he not give *all* grace ?

Child's Book of Poetry.



WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

“What is that, mother?”

The lark, my child.

The morn has but just looked out and smiled,

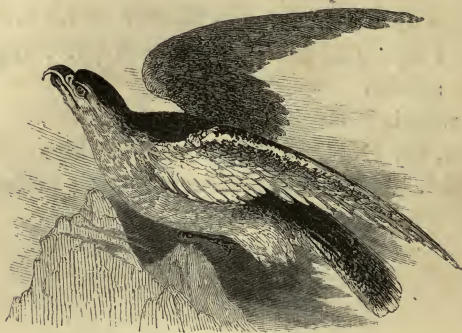
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright
sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.



“What is that, mother?”

The dove, my son :

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove ;
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

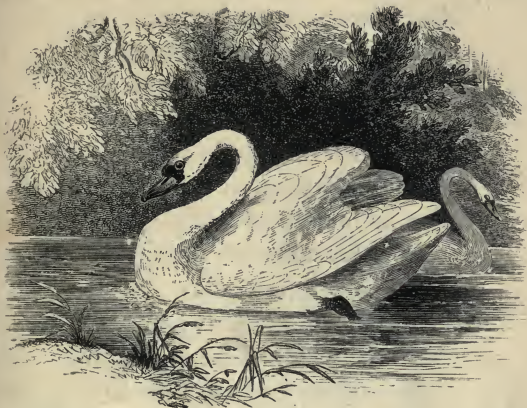


“What is that, mother?”

The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course with joy,
Firm on his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward and true to the line.

“What is that, mother?”

The swan, my love;
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die:



Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my child, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home.

THE ORPHAN.

O, if I were a robin,
I'd soon be on the wing ;
I'd leave my sighs and sobbin',
And sweetly I would sing.
But now I am so lonely,
I know not where to stay ;
My little sister only
Is with me day by day.

Our parents are in heaven,
 Their spirits went above;
 Their sins were all forgiven,
 For they the Lord did love.
 God called them to forsake us,
 And laid them in the dust;
 But he himself will take us,
 If in his name we trust.
 If Jesus will receive us
 Within his precious fold,
 And when he'll please to give us
 Some pretty wings of gold,
 Then soon we will be flying
 Up to that blessed place,
 Where there is no more crying,
 So near his smiling face.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs."

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
 There should be peace at home;
 Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.
 Birds in their little nests agree;
 And 't is a shameful sight,
 When children of one family
 Fall out and chide and fight.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove ;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love. Watts.



BLIND JOHNNY.

Be kind to little Johnny Bell,
Whene'er you see him, little boys ;
Relate to him some pretty tale,
And tell him all about your toys.

For he is blind, poor Johnny Bell !

The pleasant sky he cannot see,
Nor brilliant sun, nor lovely flowers,
Nor verdant grass, nor lofty tree.

He never saw his mother's face,
Nor little sister's sweet blue eye;
He cannot play at ball or top,
Nor hoop can drive, nor kite can fly.
He cannot go to school and learn,
No pretty books can Johnny read;
Oh, then, be kind to Johnny Bell,
For his is a sad lot indeed.
He'll sing to you some little song,
His voice is very clear and sweet;
And on his little flute he plays,
To please the children in the street.
He's very gentle, kind, and mild,
Blind Johnny all the children love;
He's in the holy keeping, too,
Of the good God who reigns above.

MY LITTLE BODY.

My little body's formed by God—
'T is made of flesh and blood;
The slender bones are placed within,
And over all is laid the skin.
My little body's very weak—
A fall or blow my bones might break;
The water soon might stop my breath,
The fire might close my eyes in death.

But God can keep me by his care,
To him I'll say this little prayer:
"O God, from harm my body keep,
Both when I wake and when I sleep."

THE BROOK.

'T was here my sister dear was drowned
One long, bright summer-day;
Here was the little darling found
By good and faithful Tray.

'T is many years since Ellen died;
But I have not forgot
The moment we her bonnet spied
Beside this very spot.

How very wet her golden hair,
And how it made me weep
To see her lie so still and fair,
And know it was not sleep.

Poor Tray sits watching in my face
With such an earnest look;
He knows full well how sad a place
Is this sweet babbling brook.

Had I a sister now to love,
How very kind I'd be;
Ellen, the little gentle dove,
Was always kind to me.

Once—it was just before she died—
I struck her in a pet;
How bitterly I since have cried,
And wished I could forget.
I love to hear dear mother say
Our Ellen lives in heaven;
And every night I kneel and pray
To have my faults forgiven.

I'LL NEVER USE TOBACCO.

- “I'll never use tobacco, no,
It is a filthy weed;
I'll never put it in my mouth,”
Said little Robert Reid.
- “Why, there was idle Jerry Jones,
As dirty as a pig,
Who smoked when only ten years old,
And thought it made him big.
- “He'd puff along the open street
As if he had no shame;
He'd sit beside the tavern-door,
And there he'd do the same.
- “He spent his time and money too,
And made his mother sad;
She feared a worthless man would come
From such a worthless lad.

“ Oh no, I ’ll never smoke or chew,
’T is very wrong, indeed ;
It hurts the health, it makes bad breath,”
Said little Robert Reid.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Ladies and gentlemen,
List to my song :
Hurrah for temperance
All the day long ;
I ’ll taste not, handle not,
Touch not the wine,
For every little boy like me
The temperance pledge should sign.

I ’m a temperance boy
Just six years old,
And I love temperance
Better than gold ;
I ’ll taste not, handle not, etc.

Let every little boy
Remember my song,
For God loves the children
That never do wrong.
I ’ll taste not, handle not, etc.

BUSY LITTLE HUSBANDMAN.

I'm a little husbandman,
Work and labor hard I can;
I'm as happy all the day
At my work as if 't were play:
Though I've nothing fine to wear,
Yet for that I do not care.

When to work I go along,
Singing loud my morning song,
With my wallet on my back,
And my wagon-whip to crack,
Oh, I'm thrice as happy then
As the idle gentleman.

I've a hearty appetite,
And I soundly sleep at night;
Down I lie content, and say
I've been useful all the day:
I'd rather be a ploughboy, than
A useless little gentleman.

BE POLITE.

Good boys and girls should never say,
 "*I will,*" and, "*Give me these:*"
O no; that never is the way,
 But, "*Mother, if you please.*"

And, "*If you please,*" to sister Ann,
 Good boys to say are ready;
 And, "*Yes, sir,*" to a gentleman,
 And, "*Yes, ma'am,*" to a lady.

PERSEVERANCE.

Here's a lesson all should heed—

Try, try, try again.

If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try, try again.

Let your courage well appear;

If you only persevere,

You will conquer, never fear—

Try, try, try again.

Twice or thrice though you should fail,

Try again.

If at last you would prevail,

Try again.

When you strive, there's no disgrace,

Though you fail to win the race;

Bravely then, in such a case,

Try, try, try again.

Let the thing be e'er so hard,

Try again.

Time will surely bring reward—

Try again.

That which other folks can do,
 Why, with patience, may not you?
Why, with patience, may not you?

TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.

HOW SELFISH IT IS!

I've a home and kind friends, and abundance
 to eat,
 And clothing sufficient, both decent and neat,
 And books, that my mind may to knowledge
 aspire,

And all that a child can in reason desire;
 But to care for *my* comfort, and only for this,
 And forget my poor neighbors, how selfish it is!

I have got a plum-cake, and the whole is my
 own,

And no one will know, if I eat it alone;
 But what if the cake be so sweet and so nice,
 I dare say poor John would be glad of a slice:
 My treat he shall share, a large slice shall be his,
 For to eat all one's self, Oh how selfish it is!

My aunt kindly gave me a shilling last night,
 For she knew that I wanted to buy a new kite;
 But a poor aged widow lives over the way,
 And she says she has not had a morsel to-day:

Here, dry up your tears, and buy something
with this,

For to spend all on playthings, how selfish it is!

As Christ has commanded, I'll constantly try
My neighbor to love and myself to deny;
From my own little pleasures a trifle I'll spare,
To gladden his heart and to lighten his care;
That whate'er my friends find in my conduct
amiss,

They never may say, Oh how selfish he is!

GRANDMOTHER'S FARM.

My grandmother lives on a farm
Just twenty miles from town;
She's sixty-five years old, she says,
Her name is Grandma Brown.
Her farm is very large and fine,
There's meadow, wood, and field,
And orchards, which all kinds of fruits
Most plentifully yield.

Butter she churns, and makes nice cheese;
They are so busy there,
If mother would stay with me too,
I'd like to do my share.

I go out with the haymakers,
And tumble on the hay ;
They put me up upon the load,
And home we drive away.

I go into the pleasant fields
And gather berries bright ;
They 've many, many thousands there,
All fresh and sweet and ripe.

A pretty brook runs through the farm
Singing so soft and sweet ;

I sit upon the grassy bank,
And bathe my little feet.

A farmer I would like to be,
They live so pleasantly ;
They must be happy while they work,
Singing so cheerfully.

I think I 'll save all that I get,
And earn all that I can,
And buy me such a pleasant farm
When I grow up a man.



TRUST AND TRY.

“Cannot,” Edward, did you say?
Chase the lazy thought away;
Never let that idle word
From your lips again be heard.
Take your book from off the shelf,
God helps him who helps himself;
O'er your lesson do not sigh:
Trust and try—trust and try.

“Cannot,” Edward? Say not so;
All are weak, full well I know;
But if you will seek the Lord,
He will needful strength afford,
Teach you how to conquer sin,
Purify your heart within:
On your Father's help rely,
Trust and try—trust and try.

“Cannot,” Edward? Scorn the thought;
You can do whate'er you ought:
Ever duty's call obey,
Strive to walk in wisdom's way;
Let the sluggard, if he will,
Use the lazy “cannot” still;
On yourself and God rely:
Trust and try—trust and try.

THE CHILD AND THE SCEPTIC.

A little girl was sitting beside a cottage door,
And with the Bible on her knee, she conned its
pages o'er,
When by there passed a traveller, that sultry
summer-day,
And begged some water, and a seat, to cheer
him on his way.

“Come in, sir, pray, and rest awhile,” the little
maiden cried ;

“To house a weary traveller is mother’s joy
and pride.”

And while he drank the welcome draught, and
chattered merrily,
She sought again the cottage door, the Bible on
her knee.

At length refreshed, the traveller—a sceptic
he—uprose :

“What, reading still the Bible, child? your
lesson, I suppose :”

“No lesson, sir,” the girl replied, “I have no
task to learn ;

But often to these stories here with joy and love
I turn.”

“And wherefore do you love that book, my little
maid, I pray,
And turn its pages o’er and o’er the livelong
summer-day?”

“Why love the Bible, did you ask?—how angry,
sir, you look:

I thought that every body loved this holy,
precious book.”

The sceptic smiled, made no reply, and ponder-
ing, travelled on,

But in his mind her answer still rose ever and
anon:

“I thought all loved the holy book”—it was a
strange reply;

“Why do not I then love it too?” he whispered
with a sigh.

He mused, resolved, examined, prayed; he
looked within, above;

He read, acknowledged *it*, the truth, and wor-
shipped *Him*, the Love.

A nobler life from that same hour the sceptic
proud began,

And lived and labored many a year a Bible-
loving man.

MARY DOW.

“Come in, little stranger,” I said,
As she tapped at my half-opened door,
While the blanket, pinned over her head,
Just reached to the basket she bore.

A look full of innocence fell
From her modest and pretty blue eye,
As she said, “I have matches to sell,
And hope you are willing to buy.”

“A penny a bunch is the price,
I think you ’ll not find it too much;
They ’re tied up so even and nice,
And ready to light with a touch.”

I asked, “What’s your name, little girl?”
“’T is Mary,” she said, “Mary Dow;”
And carelessly tossed off a curl
That played o’er her delicate brow.

“My father was lost in the deep,
The ship never got to the shore;
And mother is sad, and will weep
When she hears the wind blow and sea roar.

“She sits there at home without food,
Beside our poor sick Willie’s bed;
She paid all her money for wood,
And so I sell matches for bread.”

“For every time that she tries
Some things she’d be paid for to make,
And lays down the baby, it cries,
And that makes my sick brother wake.”

“I go to the school, where I’m taught
Of One who’s so wise and so good;
He knows every action and thought,
And gives e’en the raven his food.”

“And He, I am sure, who can take
Such fatherly care of a bird,
Will never forget or forsake
The children who trust in his word.”

“And now, if I only can sell
The matches I brought out to-day,
I think I shall do very well,
And mother’ll rejoice at the pay.”

“Fly home, little bird,” then I thought,
“Fly home full of joy to your nest;”
For I took all the matches she brought,
And Mary may tell you the rest.

THE NINE PARTS OF SPEECH

Three little words we often see,
An Article, *a*, *an*, and *the*.

A Noun's the name of any thing,
As *school*, or *garden*, *hoop*, or *swing*.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.
Instead of nouns the Pronouns stand—
John's head, *his* face, *my* arm, *your* hand.
Verbs tell of something being done,
To *read*, *write*, *count*, *sing*, *jump*, or *run*.
How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.
A Preposition stands before
A noun, as *in*, or *through* a door.
Conjunctions join the nouns together,
As men *and* children, wind *or* weather.
The Interjection shows surprise,
As *Oh*, how pretty! *Ah*, how wise!

J. Neale.

TIME.

“Sixty seconds make a minute,
Sixty minutes make an hour;”
If I were a little linnet,
Hopping in her leafy bower,
Then I should not have to sing it:
“Sixty seconds make a minute.”

“Twenty-four hours make a day,
Seven days will make a week;”
And while we all at marbles play,
Or run at cunning “hide and seek,”
Or in the garden gather flowers,
We ’ll tell the time that makes the hours.

In every month the weeks are four,
And twelve whole months will make a year;
Now I must say it o’er and o’er,
Or else it never will be clear;
So once again I will begin it:
“Sixty seconds make a minute.”

LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

BY FANNY.

A little girl, with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book
All bound with velvet, and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could
hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o’er,
And every day she prized it more;
For it said—and she looked at her smiling
mother—
It said, “Little children, love one another.”

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took ;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dovelike look in her meek young face,
Which said just as plain as words could say,
The Holy Bible I must obey ;
So, mamma, I 'll be kind to my darling brother
For "little children must love each other."

I am sorry he 's naughty, and will not play,
But I 'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me,
Will be better shown, if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right :
And thus, when we kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my arms about my brother,
And say, "Little children, love one another."

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought ;
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes :
His heart was full—he could not speak,
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek ;
And God looked down on the happy mother,
Whose "little children loved one another."



HELP THE POOR.

BELL.

Oh Susey, stop a moment, dear,
You don't know where I've been ;
Oh, such a wretched, dismal sight,
I'm sure you've never seen.

I've been with mother to a house
Where they are all so poor
I gave them all my purse contained,
And only wished 't was more.

A woman very pale and thin—
A widow too, she said—
And six young children, none of whom
This day had tasted bread;
And not a single spark of fire
This bitter, freezing day:
Now, was there e'er a sadder sight,
Dear Cousin Susey, say?

Three little ones tried to keep warm
In a poor wretched bed;
So cold was one the mother held,
I surely thought 't was dead.
Could you have seen how glad they looked,
When mother sent for wood,
And bread and meat enough for all,
Susey, 't would do you good.

SUSEY.

I have a dollar here, dear Bell,
Pa gave me yesterday;
I'll give it them: come, go with me,
We'll run there all the way.
I'd rather make a sad heart smile
Than buy a doll, I'm sure;
Indeed, it must be very hard
Such sorrow to endure.

God made them poor—he made us rich,
The wealth is all his own;
It was for them as well as us
The Saviour left his throne.
Let us henceforth save something, Bell,
To help the suffering poor,
And for God's bounty to us both
His blessed name adore.

THE SETTING SUN.

Dear John, the sun is setting now,
Behold him in the west;
And all the children now must soon
Lie down and go to rest.
In other countries far away,
The day begins to break;
And many a child and many a bird
Will soon be wide awake.
But when the sun comes round again,
And rises in our east,
Then evening will begin with them,
And they to bed will haste.
How very good in God it is,
To make the sun to go
All round this great round world of ours,
To light each country so.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS.

The moon is very fair and bright,
And also very high;
I think it is a pretty sight
To see it in the sky:
It shone upon me as I lay,
And seemed almost as bright as day.

The stars are very pretty too,
And scattered all about;
At first there seems a very few,
But soon the rest come out:
I'm sure I could not count them all,
They are so very bright and small.

The sun is brighter still than they,
He blazes in the skies;
I dare not turn my face that way,
Unless I shut my eyes:
Yet when he shines our hearts revive,
And all the trees rejoice and thrive.

God made and keeps them every one
By his great power and might;
He is more glorious than the sun
And all the stars of light:
Yet, though so great, we, by his grace,
If pure in heart, shall see his face.



THE MOON.

Who am I that shine so bright,
With my pretty yellow light
Peeping through your curtains gray?
Tell me, little girl, I pray.

When the sun is gone, I rise
In the clear and silent skies;
And a cloud or two doth skim
Round about my silver rim.

All the little stars do seem
Hidden by my brighter beam;
And among them I do ride,
Like a queen in all her pride.

Then the reaper goes along
Singing forth a merry song,
While I light the shaking leaves
And the yellow harvest-sheaves.

THE STARS ARE COMING.

See, the stars are coming
In the far blue skies;
Mother, look, they brighten:
Are they angels' eyes?

No, my child, the lustre
Of the stars is given,
Like the hues of flowers,
By the God of heaven.

Mother, if I study,
Sure he'll make me know
Why the stars he kindled,
O'er our earth to glow.

Child, what God created
Has a glorious aim;
Thine it is to worship,
Thine to love his name.

LITTLE ALICE.

Dear little babe, she has gone to rest,
Where never a sin shall stain her breast,
No trouble disturb her, no fear annoy,
No cloud o'ershadow her innocent joy.
She has gone home to heaven, that land of love,
Of light, and gladness, and blessing above:
Her head is pillowed on Jesus' breast;
Dear little babe, she is sweetly at rest.

She lived on earth but a little while,
She died before we had seen her smile;
But she was our sister, and is so still,
Sweet Alice, we called her, and always will
We think we are glad she has gone away
Where her life will be all one pleasant day,
Where an unkind word she will ne'er receive,
Nor speak one herself our kind hearts to grieve.

If she were here, she would often cry,
And then she'd be sick, and suffer and die;
But now death is over, and all the while
Her cherub face may wear a smile;
For she never will know, or do what is wrong,
And the loving angels will teach her their song:
Dear sister, we wish we could be there too—
Oh, when shall we come and live with you?



LITTLE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star ;
How I wonder what you are !
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep ;

For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

THE SNOWDROP.

Now the spring is coming on,
Now the snow and ice are gone,
Come, my little snowdrop-root,
Will you not begin to shoot?

Ah, I see your little head
Peeping from the flower-bed,
Looking out so green and gay
On this fine and pleasant day.

For the mild south wind doth blow,
And hath melted all the snow;
And the sun shines out so warm,
You need not fear another storm.

So your pretty flowers show,
And your petals white undo;
Then you 'll hang your modest head
Down upon my flower-bed.

A WALK IN SPRING.

I'm very glad the spring is come: the sun
shines out so bright,

The little birds upon the trees are singing for
delight;

The young grass looks so fresh and green, the
lambs do sport and play,

And I can skip and run about as merrily as
they.

I like to see the daisy and the buttercups once
more,

The primrose, and the cowslip too, and every
pretty flower;

I like to see the butterfly extend her painted
wing,

And all things seem just like myself, so pleased
to see the spring.

The fishes in the little brook are jumping up so
high,

The lark is singing sweetly as she mounts into
the sky;

The rooks are building up their nests upon the
great oak-tree,

And every thing's as busy and as happy as
can be.

There 's not a cloud upon the sky, there 's nothing dark or sad;

I jump, and scarce know what to do, I feel so very glad.

God must be very good, indeed, who made each pretty thing;

I 'm sure we ought to love him much for bringing back the spring.

M. A. Stodart.

SUMMER-TIME.

I love the cheerful summer-time,
With all its birds and flowers,
Its shining garments green and smooth,
Its cool, refreshing showers.

I love to hear the little birds,
That carol on the trees;

I love the gentle murmuring stream,
I love the evening breeze.

I love the bright and glorious sun,
That gives us light and heat;

I love the pearly drops of dew,
That sparkle 'neath my feet.

I love to hear the busy hum
Of honey-making bee,
And learn a lesson, hard to learn,
Of patient industry.

I love to see the playful lambs,
So innocent and gay ;
I love the faithful, watchful dog,
Who guards them night and day.
I love to think of Him who made
These pleasant things for me ;
Who gave me life, and health, and strength,
And eyes that I might see.
I love the holy Sabbath-day,
So peaceful, calm, and still ;
And Oh, I love to go to church,
And learn my Maker's will.

THE FLOWERS.

How lovely are the flowers,
That in the valley smile ;
They seem like forms of angels,
Pure, and free from guile.
But one thing mars their beauty—
It does not always last ;
They droop, and fade, and wither,
Long ere the summer 's past.
And I am like the flower
That blooms in fragrant May ;
When days of sickness find me,
Then I shall fade away.

Then let me seek the beauty
That God alone can give ;
For, when this life is over,
That will for ever live.

WINTER MORNING.

Come, my little darling girls,
Brush the slumbers from your eyes,
For the day begins to dawn
Sweetly in the eastern skies.
Plentiful has been your sleep,
For the winter nights are long ;
Not a single bird will come,
Cheering you with merry song.
Fading are the garden flowers,
Fruit is gone, and trees are bare ;
Grassy banks are hid in snow,
Piercing is the morning air.
Many a tender mother now,
While her helpless infant brood
Hover round a scanty fire,
Weeps, to hear them cry for food.
You, my babes, are not exposed
To the rigors of the year ;
For you now the breakfast waits,
And a fire is blazing clear.



FLOWERS.

The flowers are blooming everywhere,
On every hill and dell ;
And Oh, how beautiful they are,
How sweetly too they smell !

The little birds, they spring along,
And look so glad and gay ;
I love to hear their pleasant song,
I feel as glad as they.

The young lambs bleat and frisk about,
The bees hum round the hive,
The butterflies are coming out :
'T is good to be alive.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

First, William the Norman,
Then William his son ;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John.
Next, Henry the third,
Edwards, one, two, and three ;
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess ;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess ;
Then Jamie the Scotchman,
Then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles too.
Next Jamie the second
Ascended the throne ;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on ;
Then Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all passed,
And Victoria came—
May she long be the last.

NAMES AND ORDER OF THE BOOKS OF
THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers see
Followed by Deuteronomy:
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand;
Samuel, and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear;
Ezra and Nehemiah now
Esther the beauteous mourner show:
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms.
Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet Song of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah then
With Lamentations takes his pen.
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum, come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room.
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,
Rapt Zechariah builds his walls;
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.



THE SNOW.

Oh, see! the snow is falling now,
It powders all the trees;
Its flakes abound, and all around
They float upon the breeze.

'T is snowing fast, and cold the blast,
But yet I hope 't will stay:
Oh, see it blow the falling snow,
In meadows far away.

Jack Frost is near, we feel him here,
He's on his icy sled ;
And covered deep, the flowers sleep
Beneath their snowy bed.

Come out and play, this winter day,
Amid the falling snow ;
Come, young and old, nor fear the cold,
Nor howling winds that blow.

THE THUNDERSTORM.

Look ! the black cloud rises high ;
Now it spreads along the sky :
See ! the quivering lightnings fly ;
Hark ! the thunders roar.
Yet will I not shrink with fear,
When the thunder-crash I hear ;
Soon the rainbow will appear,
Soon the storm be o'er.

When the black cloud rises high,
When it spreads along the sky,
When the forked lightnings fly,
And the thunders roar—
Never will I feel alarm,
God can shield me from all harm ;
In the sunshine or the storm,
Him will I adore.

WHERE IS GOD?

In the sun, the moon, and sky,
On the mountains wild and high,
In the thunder, in the rain,
In the grove, the wood, the plain,
In the little birds which sing ;
God is seen in every thing.

PERSEVERE

Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, *go on*, GO ON!

MORNING.

Awake! awake! my love ;
The Saviour from above,
Would lend his gracious ear
To listen to your prayer :
Rise and unbosom every care.

Awake! awake! my love ;
The Saviour from above,
In accents kind and mild,
Would own you as his child,
Though you 're by nature all defiled.

Awake! awake! my love ;
The Saviour from above,
Can pardon all your sin,
And bid your soul be clean ;
His blood can cleanse from every stain.

H. S. M.

MORNING HYMN.

My Father, I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest ;
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distressed ;
O, how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day ?

My voice will be lisping thy praise,
My heart would return thee its love :
Oh, teach me to walk in thy ways,
And fit me to see thee above ;
For Jesus has bid little children come nigh,
He will not despise such an infant as I.

As long as thou deemest it right,
That here on this earth I should stay,
I pray thee to guard me by night,
And help me to serve thee by day ;
And when all the days of my life shall have past,
Receive me in heaven to praise thee at last.

MORNING PRAYER OF A LITTLE CHILD.

Now I awake and see the light,
'T is God has kept me through the night;
To him I lift my hands, and pray
That he would keep me through the day,
And if I die before 't is done,
Great God, accept me through thy Son.

MORNING PRAYER.

I thank thee, Lord, for quiet rest,
And for thy care of me;
O let me through this day be blest,
And kept from harm by thee.

O take my naughty heart away,
And make me clean and good;
Lord Jesus, save my soul, I pray,
And wash me in thy blood.

O let me love thee; kind thou art,
To children such as I:
Give me a gentle, holy heart;
Be thou my Friend on high.

Help me to please my parents dear,
And do whate'er they tell;
Bless all my friends, both far and near,
And keep them safe and well.

EVENING.

And now the day is ending,
With all its toil and care ;
My heart to heaven ascending,
Shall offer praise and prayer :
The Lord is ever mindful
Of those who seek his face ;
And children weak and sinful
May feel his saving grace.

For all my sin and folly,
This day from morn to even,
I pray the Lord most holy,
That I may be forgiven.
His bleeding love most precious,
I now recall to mind :
The Lord is ever gracious,
And pitiful, and kind.

While I, my sins confessing,
Implore his pardoning love,
I'll praise him for each blessing
Descending from above.
Ingratitude so hateful—
O keep me from that sin ;
Lord, make me truly grateful,
And cleanse my soul within.

EVENING HYMN.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
Bless thy little lambs to-night :
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell,

Mary Lundie Duncan.

GOING TO REST.

When darkness veils the distant hill,
The little birds are hid and still ;
And I my sweet repose may take,
Since my Creator is awake :

How sweet upon my little bed,
Since my Creator guards my head,
And doth the little infant keep
Through all the hours of silent sleep.

EVENING PRAYER FOR A YOUNG CHILD.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take :
And this I beg for Jesus' sake.

EVENING PRAYERS.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
O hear, great God, the words I say :
Preserve, I pray, my parents dear,
In health and strength for many a year.
And still, O Lord, to me impart
A gentle and a grateful heart ;
That after my last sleep, I may
Awake to thy eternal day.

I go to bed as to my grave,
And pray to God my life to save ;
But if I die before I wake,
I pray to God my soul to take.
Sweet Jesus, now to thee I cry
To grant me mercy ere I die—
To grant me mercy, and send me grace,
That heaven may be my dwelling-place.

EVENING PRAYER.

The sun has gone to rest,
The bee forsakes the flower,
The young bird slumbers in its nest,
Within the leafy bower.

Where have I been this day?
Into what folly run?
Forgive me, Father, when I pray,
Through Jesus Christ thy Son.

When all my days are o'er,
And in the grave I lie,
Will thou permit my soul to soar
To worlds beyond the sky?

L. H. Sigourney.

CHILD'S SELF-EXAMINATION.

Before in sleep I close my eyes,
These things I must remember thrice:
What I've been doing all the day—
What were my acts at work or play?
What have I heard, what have I seen?
What have I learnt where'er I've been?
What have I learnt that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I done that I should not?
What duty was this day forgot?

Before in sleep I close my eyes,
 These things I must remember thrice.
 If I've done ill, then I must pray
 That God would wash my sins away,
 And for the merits of his Son,
 Forgive the evil I have done ;
 Then, pardoned daily, filled with love,
 I'll be prepared to dwell above,
 And there, with angels round the throne,
 The love of God for ever own.

INFANT'S PRAYER.

Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
 Who for me life's pathway trod,
 Who for me became a child,
 Make me humble, meek, and mild.

I thy little lamb would be ;
 Jesus, I would follow thee :
 Samuel was thy child of old,
 Take me, too, within thy fold.

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child ;
 Pity my simplicity,
 Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought ;
Gracious God, forbid it not :
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Give a little child a place.

O supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant ;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch o'er me.

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

Gracious Lord, we look to thee,
Meek and humble may we be ;
Pride and anger put away,
Make us better every day.

Teach us for our friends to pray,
And our parents to obey :
Richest blessings from above,
Give them for their tender love.

May we find the sweets of prayer
Sweeter than our pastimes are ;
Love the Sabbath and the place
Where we learn to seek thy face.

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And Oh, accept my prayer ;
Thou well canst hear all that I say,
For thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee ;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And, when I sin, forgive ;
And make it still my chief delight
To love thee while I live.

O, Father, bless a little child,
And in his early youth
Give him a spirit good and mild,
A soul to love the truth.

May never falsehood in his heart,
Or in his words abide ;
But may he act the truthful part,
Whatever may betide.

When for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

Dear Saviour, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend ;
And, walking in humility,
May peace my steps attend.

PRAISE.

Jesus, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before thee,
Infant praises hear.

Though thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day,
Help us now to love thee,
Take our sins away:

Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour Lord, we come."

PRAISE FOR MERCIES.

Lord, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me ;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

And thou preservest me from death
And dangers, every hour ;
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou give the power.

My health, my friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given ;
I have not any blessings here,
But what are sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise, as now they do,
The Lord who loved them so,
Singing, Glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory?

Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious blood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory.

GRATITUDE FOR RECOVERY.

I thank the Lord who lives on high,
He heard an infant pray,
And cured me that I should not die,
And took my pains away.

O let me love and serve thee too,
As long as I shall live ;
And every naughty thing I do,
I pray thee to forgive.

THE FRIEND YOU NEED.

Children, do you want a friend,
Ever faithful, ever true ;
One whose kindness knows no end,
One whose love can shelter you ?
Jesus is the friend you need,
Jesus is a friend indeed.

None that sought his love's embrace
Has he ever turned away ;
You may see his smiling face,
Gaze upon his charms to-day :
Ever faithful, ever true,
Jesus is the friend for you.

WHO MADE THEM?

- “Mother, who made the stars which light
The beautiful blue sky?
Who made the moon, so clear and bright,
That rises up on high?”
- “’T was God, my child, the glorious One—
He formed them by his power ;
He made alike the brilliant sun,
And every leaf and flower.
- “He made your little feet to walk,
Your sparkling eyes to see,
Your busy prattling tongue to talk,
Your limbs so light and free.
- “He paints each fragrant flower that glows
With loveliness and bloom ;
He gives the violet and the rose
Their beauty and perfume.
- “Our various wants his hands supply,
And guard us every hour ;
We’re kept beneath his watchful eye,
And guided by his power.
- “Then let your little heart, my love,
Its grateful homage pay
To this kind Friend who, from above,
So gently guides your way.”



THINKING OF MERCIES.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see ;
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more ;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.
While some poor creatures scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.
While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.
Are these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best. Watts

A PLEASANT SIGHT.

The Lord above is pleased to see
A little family agree,
And will not scorn the prayer and praise
Which loving children join to raise.
For love and kindness please him more
Than if we gave him all our store;
And children here who dwell in love,
Are like his holy saints above.

The gentle child who loves to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And will not say an angry word,
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

Saviour, forgive, whenever we
Forget thy will and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The blessedness of being kind.

LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS.

My father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay;
But I hope that, as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.
You loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.

I'm sorry that ever I could
Be wicked, and give you a pain;
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.
But for fear that I ever should dare
From all your commands to depart,
Whenever I utter a prayer,
I will ask for a dutiful heart.

Taylor.

TEACH US TO PRAY.

Lord, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask,
Or all we seek, or think, or say,
Will prove a tiresome task.

Teach us for what to pray,
For thou alone art wise ;
And often what we blindly urge,
Thy mercy, Lord, denies.

Lord, teach us so to pray,
That murmuring be unknown ;
That whatso'er thy grace decrees,
Thy will may be our own.

Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire ;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend,
With pure and warm desire.

CHILDREN PRAISING THE SAVIOUR.

Hosannas were by children sung
When Jesus was on earth ;
Then surely we are not too young
To sound his praises forth.

The Lord is great, the Lord is good ;
He feeds us from his store
With earthly and with heavenly food ;
We'll praise him evermore.

We thank him for his gracious word,
We thank him for his love ;
We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
Who reigns in heaven above.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs."

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my
head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when
he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

But still, to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Mrs. Luke.

LIKE JESUS.

I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer:
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met his Father there.

I want to be like Jesus:
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good;
So that of me it may be said,
“She hath done what she could.”

Alas, I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see:
O gentle Saviour, send thy grace
And make me like to thee.

GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

God is in heaven—can he hear
A feeble prayer like mine?
Yes, little child, thou need'st not fear,
He listeneth to thine.

God is in heaven—can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that he can; he looks at thee
All day, and all night long.

God is in heaven—would he know,
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, if thou said'st it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven—does he care,
Or is he good to me?
Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear,
'T is God that giveth thee.

God is in heaven—can I go
To thank him for his care?
Not yet; but love him here below,
And he will see it there.

God is in heaven—may I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes, love, be good, and then one day
He'll call thee to the sky.

Their hearts burn with zeal,
That children may feel
The Saviour's kind love.

To school, then, we 'll go,
For surely we know
Our Sabbaths must end ;
O then to the skies
Redeemed may we rise,
To Jesus our friend.

PRAY FOR THE HEATHEN.

Little children, when you pray
To God to keep you through the day ;
When you ask that he would take
Your sins away for Jesus' sake ;
When you thank him for your friends,
And the comfort that he sends,
Don't forget to breathe a prayer
For those who know not of his care.
Many little ones there are,
O'er the sea so very far,
Who never heard of God above,
Who do not know of Jesus' love ;
Children who have never heard
From Christian' friends this blessed word

That gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Dearly loves each little child,
And bids them always come and pray
To him to take their sins away ;
This Saviour they have never known,
And therefore kneel to wood and stone.
O children, ask of him to send
Some one to be the heathen's friend ;
To guide them from destruction's road,
Into the path that leads to God ;
That they may have their sins forgiven,
And when they die may go to heaven ;
That they and you at last may stand
Within that happy, happy land.

WHO SHALL LIVE IN HEAVEN.

There is a land above
All beautiful and bright,
And those who love and seek the Lord,
Rise to that world of light.

There sin is known no more,
Nor tears, nor want, nor care ;
There good and happy beings dwell,
And all are holy there.



THE HEATHEN MOTHER.

See that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred current flows ;
With her own maternal hand
Mid the waves her babe she throws.

Hark ! I hear the piteous scream ;
Frightful monsters seize their prey,
Or the dark and bloody stream
Bears the struggling child away.

Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear ;
But the mother's heart is steel ;
She unmoved that cry can hear.

Send, O send the Bible there,
Let its precepts reach the heart ;
She may then her children spare—
Act the mother's tender part.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs."

THE HAPPY CHILD

Happy, happy child am I,
On a mother's arms to lie,
Or to rest my weary head
On a soft and downy bed,
Beneath her gentle eye ;
While she kneels beside me there,
Teaching me a holy prayer.

But the little heathen child,
Naked, ignorant, and wild,
Has no home or downy bed,
Where to rest his aching head,
Or mother's arms to shield.
She no prayer of love can say—
Heathen mothers do not pray.

Blessed Saviour, now I see
Thou art kinder far to me ;
And I will not lay my head
On my downy, peaceful bed,
Till I have prayed to thee—
Thanked thee for a mother's care,
Such as heathen never share.

Hastings' "Nursery Songs."

CHILDREN IN INDIA.

Far, far away in India,
Thousands of children live
Who have no pious parents
Who them instruction give
About the great Jehovah,
Who reigns above the sky ;
Or of that blessed Saviour,
Who did on Calvary die.

But Oh, the sad condition
These little ones are in :
Young children by their parents
Are thrown in Ganges' stream,
To please the gods they worship,
Who're made of wood and stone ;
Believing they will save them,
And for their sins atone.

And now, dear little children,
Who better far do know,
Say, will you not do something
To save their souls from woe?
O yes, you'll say; we're willing
To aid with heart and hand,
To send the blessed gospel
To every heathen land.

A PENNY.

“A penny I have—
'T is all my own!”
Little Charlotte exclaimed
In a lively tone.
“I cannot do much
With a penny, I fear;
But I'll buy myself something
To eat or to wear.”

“A penny I have,”
Little Mary said,
And she thoughtfully raised
Her hand to her head.
“Both missions and schools
Want money, I know;
But I fear that 't is little
A penny can do.”

So Charlotte ran off,
And some apples she bought;
While Mary her mite
To the mission-box brought.
And which of them, think you,
More cheerfully smiled;
And which of the two
Was the happier child? M. A. Stoddard.

THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

I see the ships upon the sea,
That silently go by,
As white upon the waters blue,
As doves in yonder sky.
And men are glad the ships to watch,
That bring them many things;
Silver and gold and raiment soft,
Upon their broad, white wings.
But I would rather look upon
The ship that goes afar,
And takes our Saviour's messengers
Where heathen children are;
And carries books, that they may read
How kind our Lord has been;
For such a ship, I know, must be
The fairest ever seen. "Missionary Hymns."



THE BEST USE OF A PENNY.

Should you wish to be told the best use of a penny,
I'll tell you a way that is better than any :
Not on apples, or cakes, or playthings to spend it,
But over the seas to the heathen to send it.
Come, listen to me, and I'll tell, if you please,
Of some poor little children far over the seas.
Their color is dark, for our God made them thus ;
But he made them with bodies and feelings
like us :

A soul, too, that never will die, has been given,
And there 's room for these children with Jesus
in heaven.

But who will now tell of such good things as these
To the poor little heathen far over the seas ?

Little boys in this land are well-off indeed :
They have schools every day, where they sing,
write, and read ;

To church they may go, and have pastors to
teach

How the true way to heaven through Jesus to
reach :

Yet, sad to remember, there are few of these
For the poor little heathen far over the seas.

O, think then of this when a penny is given,
“I can help a poor child on his way home to
heaven ;”

Then give it to Jesus, and he will approve,
Nor scorn e'en the mite, if 't is offered in love :
And Oh, when in prayer you to him bend your
knees,

Remember the children far over the seas.



DEATH.

CHILD.

Tell me, mamma, if I must die
One day, as little baby died,
And look so very pale, and lie
Down in the graveyard by his side?

Shall I leave dear papa and you,
And never see you any more?
Tell me, mamma, if this is true;
I did not know it was before.

MOTHER

'T is true, my love, that you must die ;
The God who made you says you must :
And every one of us shall lie,
Like the dear baby, in the dust.

These hands, and feet, and busy head
Shall waste and crumble quite away ;
But though your body shall be dead,
There is a part which can't decay.

"I MUST DIE."

I am young, but I must die ;
In my grave I soon shall lie :
Am I ready now to go,
If the will of God be so ?

Lord, prepare me for my end,
To my heart thy Spirit send ;
Help me, Jesus, thee to love,
Take my soul to heaven above.

Then I shall with Jesus be,
Then I shall my Saviour see ;
Never more have any pain,
Never more shall sin again.

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.

How still the baby's lying,
I cannot hear its breath :
They told me he was dying ;
They tell me this is death.
My little song-book bringing,
I sat down by his bed
To soothe his pains by singing—
They hushed me : he was dead.

They say that he will, rising,
More beautiful appear :
The story is surprising ;
Explain it, mother dear.

“ Dear daughter, you remember
The cold, dark thing you brought,
One morning in September—
A withered worm, you thought.

“ I told you God had power
That withered shell to break,
And from it in an hour
A lovely form to take.
And now you see before you
The empty casement lies,
And, robed in splendor, o'er you
The new-born being flies.”

Little drops of water,	58
Little Mary was good,	64
Little puss, come here to me,	66
Little sister, come away,	59
Look, the black cloud rises high,	206
Lord, I would own thy tender care,	218
Lord, teach a little child to pray,	215
Lord, teach us how to pray,	225
"Mamma, my head," poor Anna said,	16
Mamma, let's go and see the lambs,	66
Mary had a little lamb,	119
Matilda was a pleasant child,	44
Mother, how can flowers grow?	30
Mother, who made the stars which light,	221
My dear little child,	80
My Father, I thank thee for sleep,	208
My father, my mother, I know,	224
My father raised his trembling hand,	130
My grandmother lives on a farm,	179
My little body's formed by God,	172
My little Canary,	60
My merry little fly, play here,	139
My mother, my kind mother,	106
My own mamma, my dear mamma,	80
My pretty flowers are gone away,	253
Never, my child, forget to pray,	89
Now, before I run to play,	45
Now Dolly, my dear,	62
Now I awake and see the light,	209
Now I lay me down to sleep,	212
Now I wake and ope my eyes,	21
Now, little Georgie, jump up high,	30
Now the spring is coming on,	197
Oh, Anna, this will never do,	129
Oh, dear mamma, where are you gone?	31

Oh dear me, Emma, how is this,	149
Oh dear, Oh dear, what shall I do?	144
Oh Father, bless a little child,	216
Oh fie, Amelia, I'm ashamed,	162
Oh hark, Oh hark, the baby cries,	11
Oh hear the chickens pip,	150
Oh, if I were a robin,	169
Oh look at my kite,	42
Oh mother dear, pray tell me where,	112
Oh, poor little robin, so cold and so wet,	57
Oh, see! the snow is falling now,	205
Oh Susey, stop a moment, dear,	189
Oh that it were my chief delight,	122
Oh there's the squirrel perched aloft,	103
Oh you little silly fly,	41
Once there was a little boy,	73
One God I must worship supreme,	233
One winter's day the wind blew high,	20
Our Father, our Father in heaven,	77
Pretty bee, pray tell me why,	136
Pretty bud, I love to see	90
See, mamma, the crumbs are flying,	96
See me, I am a little boy,	100
See that heathen mother stand,	243
See, the chickens round the gate,	82
See, the stars are coming,	194
She said, "I should like to be happy to-day,"	159
Should you wish to be told the best use of a penny,	248
Sixty seconds make a minute,	186
Sleep, baby, sleep,	8
Sleep, my baby—sleep, my boy,	15
Sweet little mistress, let me go,	145
Tell me, mamma, if I must die,	250
Thank you, pretty cow, that made,	51
The A, B, C,	93

The boy stood on the burning deck,	269
The breaking waves dashed high,	271
The butterfly, an idle thing,	26
The candles are lighted, the fire blazes bright,	75
The clouds look sad,	43
The cock is crowing,	63
The flowers are blooming everywhere,	202
The great Jehovah speaks to us,	204
The ground was all covered with snow one day,	105
The Lord above is pleased to see,	223
The moon is very fair and bright,	192
The morning bright,	40
The mother looked pale, and her face was sad,	108
The pretty little lambs that lie,	71
The Saviour from his throne,	231
The sun has gone to rest,	213
The week is passing fast away,	236
This year is just going away,	256
There came to my window,	53
There, go to sleep, Dolly, in mother's own lap,	61
There is a happy land,	255
There is a land above,	242
There is, beyond the sky,	254
There's a poor beggar going by,	83
There, run away, you little things,	69
There was a noble ark,	131
They say I was but four years old,	266
Three little words we often see,	185
Those children who are all the day,	155
Thou shalt have no more gods but me,	234
Throw open the window, and fasten it there,	107
To bed, to bed, my curly-head,	25
To do to others as I would,	40
Tumble down, tumble up, never mind it, my sweet,	87
'T was God that made the little fly,	25
'T was here my sister dear was drowned,	173

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,	196
Two beggars are at the door, mamma,	121
Two good little girls, Marianne and Maria,	158
Very little things are we,	74
Welcome, welcome, little stranger,	7
Well, now I'll sit down, and I'll work very fast,	135
Whatever brawls disturb the street,	170
What is that, mother?	166
What is this pretty little thing?	10
What, looking in the glass again?	161
What would our pussy say,	68
When children are naughty, and will not be dressed,	18
When darkness veils the distant hill,	211
Whene'er I take my walks abroad,	222
When General Washington was young,	110
When little Ned was sent to bed,	14
When little ones worry,	77
When little Samuel woke	117
When my father comes home in the evening from work,	116
Whither are these people walking,	237
Who am I that shine so bright,	193
Who often with me kindly played,	24
Who showed the little ant the way,	165
Who taught you to sing,	156
Why is Sarah standing there,	151
Why, Phebe, are you come so soon?	259
Willie loves the country,	104
Will you come to our Sabbath-school?	257
"Will you walk into my parlor?"	263
With all thy soul love God above,	68
With March comes in the pleasant spring,	65
Yea, fear not, fear not, little ones,	143

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

	Page.
A, B, C,-----	93
AFFECTION,-----	38
ALPHABET,-----	38
ANNA'S RESOLUTION,-----	135
ANTS, THE,-----	128
ARK AND DOVE, THE,-----	131
BABY,-----	10
BABY, SLEEP,-----	8
BABY-JUMPER, THE,-----	30
BE CAREFUL IN PLAY,-----	153
BEEES, THE,-----	112
BEGGAR-BOY, THE,-----	91
BEGGAR-GIRL, THE,-----	83
BE PLEASANT,-----	77
BE POLITE,-----	176
BEST USE OF A PENNY, THE,-----	248
BEST WAY FOR MOLLY TO BE HAPPY, THE,-----	159
BIRDSNEST,-----	23
BLACKBERRY-GIRL, THE,-----	259
BLIND BOY, THE,-----	98
BLIND JOHNNY,-----	171
BOY AND LARK,-----	156
BOY WHO TOLD A LIE, A,-----	108
BROKEN CHAIR, THE,-----	144
BROOK, THE,-----	173

BUD, THE,-----	90
BUSY BEE,-----	109
BUSY LITTLE HUSBANDMAN,-----	176
BUTTERFLY, THE,-----	26
CAPTIVE BLUEBIRD, THE,-----	145
CHATTERBOX, THE,-----	126
CHERRIES ARE RIPE,-----	35
CHICKENS, THE,-----	82, 150
CHILD AND THE SCEPTIC, THE,-----	182
CHILD IN HEAVEN, THE,-----	138
CHILD IN THE MORNING, THE,-----	21
CHILDREN, COME,-----	231
CHILDREN IN INDIA,-----	245
CHILDREN PRAISING THE SAVIOUR,-----	225
CHILDREN'S PRAISES,-----	218
CHILDREN'S PRAYERS,-----	215, 216
CHILD'S DESIRE, THE,-----	226
CHILD'S SELF-EXAMINATION,-----	213
CHILD'S TALENTS,-----	262
COLD-WATER BOY, THE,-----	84
COMMANDMENTS, THE,-----	233
COUNTRY MUSIC,-----	63
COW, THE,-----	51
CRADLE HYMN,-----	27
DAWN OF DAY,-----	92
DEAR MAMMA,-----	80
DEATH,-----	250
DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION,-----	252
DIRTY HANDS,-----	149
DOLLY GOING TO SLEEP,-----	61
DO N'T KILL THE BIRDS,-----	115
DO RIGHT,-----	16
DRESSED, OR UNDRESSED,-----	18
EVENING,-----	210
EVENING HYMN,-----	211
EVENING PRAYER,-----	213
EVENING PRAYER FOR A YOUNG CHILD,-----	212
EVENING PRAYERS,-----	212

FAITH IN GOD,-----	123
FEAR NOT,-----	143
FLOWERS, THE,-----	200, 202
FLY, THE,-----	25
FRIEND YOU NEED, THE,-----	220
GENERAL WASHINGTON,-----	110
GOD HEARS CHILDREN'S PRAYERS,-----	235
GOD IS EVERYWHERE,-----	229
GOD IS IN HEAVEN,-----	228
GOD'S CARE FOR THE YOUNG,-----	165
GOING TO BED,-----	81
GOING TO CHURCH,-----	237
GOING TO REST,-----	211
GOLDEN RULE, THE,-----	40
GOOD ADVICE FOR THE LITTLE ONES,-----	80
GOOD BOY,-----	14
GOOD CHARLOTTE,-----	16
GOOD CHILD,-----	64
GOOD GIRLS,-----	158
GOOD MOOLLY COW,-----	52
GOOD NAME, A,-----	156
GOOD-NIGHT,-----	20, 160
GOOD-NIGHT SONG, A,-----	25
GOOD SHEPHERD, THE,-----	232
GOOD THOUGHTS,-----	54
GRANDMOTHER'S FARM,-----	179
GRATITUDE FOR RECOVERY,-----	220
HAPPY CHILD, THE,-----	244
HAPPY CHILDREN,-----	154
HAPPY LAND, THE,-----	255
HEATHEN MOTHER, THE,-----	243
HEAVEN AND HELL,-----	254
HELEN,-----	59
HELP THE POOR,-----	189
HEROIC BOY, THE,-----	269
HONEST BOY, THE,-----	73
HOW I LOVE,-----	32
HOW SELFISH IT IS,-----	178
HUSHABY,-----	9

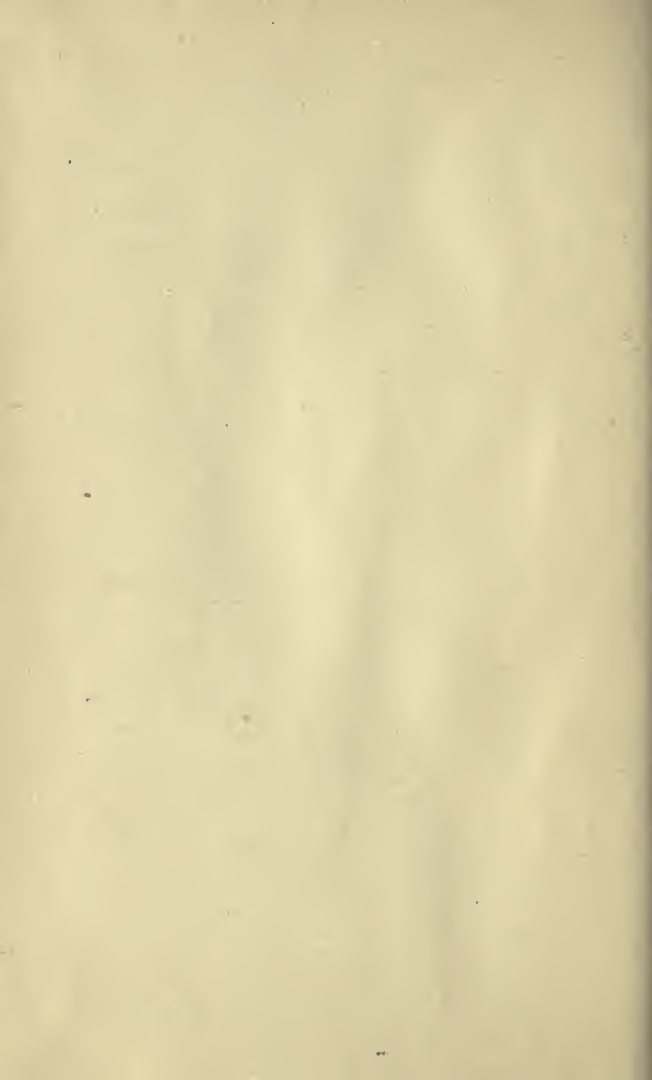
IDLE ANNA,-----	129
IF EVER I SEE,-----	79
I'LL NEVER USE TOBACCO,-----	174
I MUST DIE,-----	251
INFANT'S PRAYER,-----	214
I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY,-----	102
I WILL NOT FEAR,-----	48
JOHN WHITE FLEW HIS KITE,-----	53
KEEP HOLY THE SABBATH-DAY,-----	239
KINDNESS TO ANIMALS,-----	33
KITTY,-----	66
LAMB'S LULLABY, THE,-----	71
LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS,-----	271
LARK, THE,-----	88
LEARNING TO WALK,-----	17
LIE, THE,-----	146
LIKE JESUS,-----	227
LITTLE ALICE,-----	195
LITTLE BEGGARS, THE,-----	121
LITTLE BOY, THE,-----	100
LITTLE BOZ,-----	55
LITTLE CHILD,-----	148
LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER,-----	187
LITTLE DOG,-----	19
LITTLE FISH, THE,-----	147
LITTLE GIRL THAT COULD NOT READ, THE,-----	97
LITTLE MARY,-----	64, 164
LITTLE STAR,-----	18, 196
LITTLE THINGS,-----	58
LONELY CHILD, THE,-----	266
LORD'S PRAYER, THE,-----	77
LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS,-----	224
LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS,-----	170
LOVE OF CHRIST, THE,-----	230
LOVE YOUR LITTLE BROTHER,-----	127
MARY DOW,-----	184
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB,-----	119

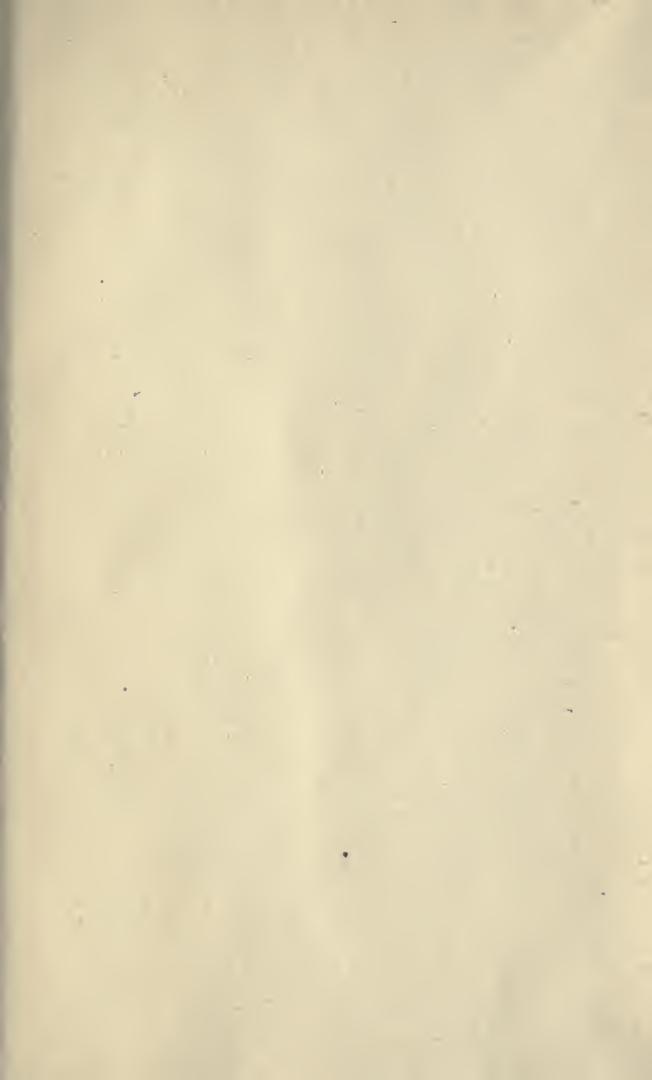
MEDDLESOME CHILD, THE,	44
MERRY FLY, THE,	139
MISSIONARY SHIP, THE,	247
MOON, THE,	193
MORNING,	20, 207
MORNING HYMN,	40, 208
MORNING PRAYER,	209
MORNING PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD,	209
MOTHER, HOW CAN FLOWERS GROW?	30
MY BABY BROTHER,	31
MY BROTHER,	24
MY DOLL,	62
MY FATHER BLESSED ME,	130
MY KITE,	42
MY LITTLE BODY,	172
MY LITTLE BROTHER,	13
MY LITTLE PONY,	49
MY LITTLE SISTER,	39
MY MOTHER,	106
NEVER FORGET TO PRAY,	89
NEW YEAR, THE,	256
NINE PARTS OF SPEECH, THE,	185
NOW, BEFORE I RUN TO PLAY,	45
O FIE, AMELIA,	162
OF WHAT ARE YOUR CLOTHES MADE?	152
O, HARK! THE BABY CRIES,	11
OLD TESTAMENT, BOOKS OF THE,	204
ORPHAN, THE,	169
ORPHAN NOSEGAY-GIRL, THE,	70
ORPHAN'S HYMN, THE,	229
ORPHAN'S SONG, THE,	86
OUR BROTHER,	254
PEACOCK, THE,	99
PENNY, A,	246
PERSEVERE,	207
PERSEVERANCE,	177
PIGEON, THE,	29
PLEASANT SIGHT, A,	223

POLLY AND RUBY,	60
POOR FAMILY, THE,	118
POOR ROBIN,	20
PRAISE,	217
PRAISE FOR MERCIES,	218
PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD,	214
PRAY FOR THE HEATHEN,	241
PREPARING FOR THE SABBATH,	235
PRETTY BEE,	136
PRIDE,	158
PURE AIR,	107
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS,	165
RAGMAN, THE,	85
RESURRECTION, THE,	253
ROBIN,	57
ROBIN REDBREAST'S SECRET,	133
ROBINS, THE,	46
RUN AND PLAY,	69
SABBATH, THE,	238
SABBATH-DAY, THE,	240
SABBATH MORNING,	238
SABBATH-SCHOOL, THE,	257
SAMUEL,	117
SATURDAY NIGHT,	62, 70, 236
SAVIOUR'S PROMISE, THE,	231
SETTING SUN, THE,	191
SHADOWS, THE,	75
SILLY FLY, THE,	41
SLED-RIDE, THE,	54
SLEIGH-RIDE, THE,	34
SNOW, THE,	43, 205
SNOW-BIRD'S SONG, THE,	105
SNOWDROP, THE,	197
SNOW-SHOWER, THE,	96
SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND, THE,	203
SPARROW, THE,	95
SPIDER AND THE FLY, THE,	263
SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER,	65

SQUIRREL, THE,	103
STARS ARE COMING, THE,	194
SULKING,	151
SUMMER-TIME,	199
SUM OF THE COMMANDMENTS,	68
SUN, MOON, AND STARS,	192
SWEETLY SLEEP,	15
TEACH US TO PRAY,	225
TEMPER,	152
TEMPERANCE SONG,	137, 175
TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE,	234
THINKING OF MERCIES,	222
THIRD COMMANDMENT,	234
THOUGHTLESS MAN, A,	53
THUNDER-STORM, THE,	206
TIME,	186
TIME TO ARISE,	78
TORN DOLL, THE,	56
TRUST AND TRY,	181
TRUSTY LEARNING TO READ,	37
TRYING TO DO RIGHT,	122
TUMBLE, THE,	87
VAIN LITTLE GIRL, THE,	161
VERY LITTLE THINGS,	74
VISIT TO THE LAMBS,	66
WALK IN SPRING, A,	198
WANDERINGS OF THE BIRDS, THE,	113
WE ARE SEVEN,	140
WELCOME,	7
WHAT I HATE,	131
WHAT I LIVE FOR,	50
WHAT I LOVE,	132
WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?	166
WHAT WOULD PUSS SAY?	68
WHEN FATHER COMES HOME,	116
WHERE IS GOD?	207
WHO MADE THEM?	221

WHO SHALL LIVE IN HEAVEN,	242
WILLIE LOVES THE COUNTRY,	104
WINTER-MORNING,	201
WORK AND PLAY,	155
WORK-BAG, THE,	73
WORKS OF GOD, THE,	111
WORTH OF THE SCRIPTURES,	232





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